

THE
Albion QUEENS:
OR THE
DEATH
OF
MARY Queen of *Scotland*.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By Her Majesties Servants.

Written by Mr. BANKS,
Author of the Tragedy of the *Unhappy Favourite*, or the *Earl of Essex*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Dolphin and Crown* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.

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THEATRE-ROYAL

By Peter Misselbeck, Peoria, Ill.

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Amherst 20. October 1861. To the Hon. G. E. F. Smith

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Prologue.

WITH Farce, and Sound too long you have been teaz'd,
Tho' some are with such Wretched Joys most pleas'd ;
But We, this Night in other Paths shall move,
That lead to Honour, Innocence, and Love.
A Queen Distress'd, to touch the Ladies Eyes,
A Noble Prince, that for her Beauty dyes ;
A British Queen, Lamenting their sad Fate,
And Mourning over the Unfortunate.
Who is there here, that cou'd so Cruel be,
As not to Mourn at their sad Tragedy ?
To see such Honour, and such Beauty fall,
And England's Queen, Mourn at their Funeral.
Our Noble Britons, tho' for Arms renown'd,
Have for the Fair a tender Pity found,
And in the midst of Slaughter still took Care
Not to Destroy, but Guard the tender Fair.
Then let this Night your Courages be seen,
And Guard the British, and the Albion Queen.

Epilogue

The Epilogue.

By Jo. Haines.

WHO cou'd have ever Thought to have seen me
Tack'd to the End of a deep Tragedy,
They might as well have Drest me out to Dance,
Or sent me an Ambassador to France.
Yet I am forc'd to come, for, say my Masters,
Your Phiz will bring us off from all Disasters.
Now you must know, I thought a Beau might be
A better Suppliant for a Tragedy,
His pretty Face, his Dimple and his Smile
Might many tender Ladies Hearts beguile,
But Nolens-Volens, Pricky must appear;
And----what am I to say, now I'm come here?
Oh! I'm to tell you that the Players say,
Unless you kindly do receive this Play,
Ther's above half of 'em will lose their Pay.
Nay more, the Poet too will lose his Gains,
Unless you're pleased to Smile upon Count Haines;
Let me not sue in vain, You shining Sphere,
Nor you my Pitt-Friends, that to me are dear,
My middle Gallery-Friends will sure Assist me,
And for the Upper-Tire they never mist me.
Then let your hearty Wishes all be shwon,
To give the Albion Queen's their Just Renown.

The

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Duke of Norfolk</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks</i>
<i>Davison</i>	<i>Mr. Booth</i>
<i>Morton</i>	<i>Mr. Mills</i>
<i>Cecil, by Mr. Powel, &c.</i>	<i>Mr. Keen</i>
<i>Gifford</i>	<i>Mr. Bickerstaffe</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Queen Elizabeth</i>	<i>Mrs. Knight</i>
<i>Mary Queen of Scots</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield</i>
<i>Douglas the Page</i>	<i>Mrs. Porter</i>

Ladies, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

Mary QUEEN O F SCOTTS.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Cecil and Davison, Discover'd.

Cec. **R**emember *Davison*, thou Rising Star!
Who took thee from thy Lowness! made thee shine
A Living Monument of thy Mistress favour?
Then plac'd thee on this Height, whence to look down,
Men will appear like Birds, or Insects to thee:
Remember too, thou now art in a Sphere
Where Princes to their favours set no Bounds,
And their Rewards, tho' Large and Bottomless,
Yet States-men have no mean betwixt
The Extreamest Pinnacle of Height and Ruin.
Dav. Wisest, and Justest, that in Courts e're dwelt!
Great Oracle of *Brittaine*! Prince of States men!
Whom Men, nor Angels, scarce can Praise enough,
Not Divine *Plato* ever spoke like you:
Plato, on whose sweet Lips the Muses Sung,
And Bees distill'd their Honey in his Cradle.

Mary Queen of Scots.

Cec. No more, 'tis worse than Death for me to hear
 A Fawning Cringer, or Submissive Praiser,
 I shou'd suspect thee, did I not believe
 Thou art as far beyond a Sycophant,
 As I'm above the Reach of Flattery,
 Thou art my Equal now, nay more, my Friend,
 Thou art an Honest Man, of Parts, a Compound
 That I have chosen 'mongst the Race of Men,
 To make a *Phoenix* in the Court.

Dav. The Powers Above, the strongest Guard of King's,
 Still Place such Men about our Royal Mistress.

A LETTER for Mr. Wilks.

Cec. **B**UT now Especially she needs their aid,
 Now, when the madness of their Nation's grown
 To such a Height, 'tis to be fear'd—Death walks
 In *Masquerade*, in strange and many Shapes ;
 The Court that was the Planet, that shou'd guide us,
 Is grown into Eclipse, with these Confusions ;
 Fears, Jealousies and Factions, Crow'd the Stage ;
 Two Queens, the like was never seen before,
 By different Arts oppose each others Interest.
 Our Virgin Constellation shines but Dim,
 Whil'st *Mary*, *Scotland's* Queen, that Northern Star,
 Tho' in a Prison, Darts her Rival Light.

Dav. The Champions of her Faction are not few,
 Men of high Birth, and Titles plead her Cause ;
 'Mongst whom, the Gallant Duke of *Norfolk's* Chief,
 A Prince that has no Equal in his Fame,
 A Man of Power and Wealth, to be Reclaim'd
 For his own Sake, as well as for the Queen's,
 And shou'd he plunge himself too deep in this,
England may chance to Loose the best of Men.

Cec. The Queen's Peculiar safety be thy Care
 Therefore the Secretaries Place thine
 In which high, as from a Perspective,
 Thou may'st discover all her Forreign Foes,
 And home Conspiracies how dark soe're ;

But

Mary Queen of Scots.

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But most of all, Let *Mary* be thy fear,
And what thou hear'st, Inform me of; I'll Act,
But in thy Shape, be thou my Proxy still.

Dav. Not *Cromwell* ever trod with so much Care,
The subtle Steps of the most Famous *Wolsey*,
As I the Dictates of the wiser *Burleigh*.—
The *Scottish* Regent, Yesterday Arriv'd,
With New discover'd Plots to accuse his Queen:
And since (to Poise these heavy Articles)
The Duke of *Norfolk* is from *Mary* come,
And both are to have Audience straight—Behold
The Man I speak of.

Cec. Wait you on the Queen.

[Exit *Dav.*

Enter *Norfolk*. *V. D. O. P.*

Your Grace is welcome from the Queen of *Scotland*.
How fares that sad, and most Illustrious Pattern
Of all Misfortunes?

Nor. Do'st thou Pitty Her?

O let me fly, and hold thee to my Bosom,
Closer, and far more dear than ever Bride
Was held, by hasty Bridegroom in his Arms!

Cec. My Lord, you make me Blush.

Nor. Shou'd the *Hyenna* thus bemoan,
And thus the Neighbouring Rocks but Eccho him,
My Queen, I wou'd devour the Precious Sound,
And thus Embrace him, from whose Lips it came,
Tho' wide, and Gaping, as the Mouth of Hell—
My Lord, I came to seek you; I've a Secret
To unfold, which while I keep, it weighs me down,
And when 'tis out, I fear it will undo me.

Cec. Then hold it in your Breast; let me not know
What is, not fit for you to speak, nor me to hear.

Nor. Now, only now's the time, the *Traytor Mortar*,
The false, usurping Regent is Return'd
With all the Magazine of Hell about him:
The Queen, my Lovely *Alban* Queen's in danger,
And if thou wilt not straight advise thy Friend,
Mary's undone, and *Norfolk* is no more.

Cec. What is't my Lord?

Nor. First wear the Looks of Mildness,

Mary Queen of Scots.

Such as forgiving Fathers do to Sons ;
Yet 'tis no Treason ; unless Love be Treason.

Cec. Out with't, my Lord.

Nor. I Love the Queen of Scotland.

Cec. Ha ! Love her ! how ?

Nor. How shou'd she be belov'd ?

But as mild Saints do to their Altars Bow,
And humble Patriarchs, Kiss the Copes of Angels.

Cec. Love her ! for what ?

Nor. Not for a Crown I swear.

O had'st thou seen her in that Plight as I did,
And had'st been Alexander, thou had'st Kneel'd,
Thrown all thy Globes, and Scepters at her Feet,
And given a Crown for every Tear she shed.

Cec. I dare not hear you out.

Nor. You must, you shall.

Nor let your Ears be deaf alone, Nice-States-man !
And see yon Christal Champion o're our Heads,
Throng'd with Immortal Warriors to her Aid,
Whose Voices Louder than the Breath of Thunder,
And swifter than the Winds, Proclaim to Earth
Bright Mary's Wrongs, and my Eternal Love.

Cec. My Lord, you've said too much, I dare not hear you.

Nor. Is Pittying the distrest, and Loving her,
Whom none but Envy hates, a Crime ?

Cec. You wou'd not marry her !

Nor. Not marry her !

Yes, tho' she stood on *Etna's* Sulpherous Brink,
Tho' it's dread Mouth Ran o're with Liquid Fire,
And Mounting Flames higher than *Phæbus* shot,
I'd swim the Burning Lake to grasp her Thus.

Cec. For Pitty Recollect your Banisht Reason ;
Consider what you've said, it must undo you.

The Dangers greater far than I can feign.

Do you not know that she's accus'd of Treason ?
That for the Royal Crown our Mistress wears,
She yet stands Candidate against all force,
And hopes to snatch it from her Rightful Head.

Nor. By those Eternal Rays that bless the World.

Mary Queen of Scots.

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Mrs. Knight, Mr. Mills, Mr. Williams, Ladies, Gentlemen, Guards
Behind.

'Tis Malice foul, as that bright Orb is clear,
O Cecil! tell me what thou truly think'st?
Thou hast a Soul with shining wisdom crown'd,
Whose virtuous honest Steps, whoever tracks
May challenge to be Blest: O! tell me then,
Can Scotland's Queen with such a Guilt be stain'd?

A LETTER for Mr. Mills.

Cec. I Dare not utter every thought that pains me,
Nor can I longer with my Oath dispence,
An Oath that charges me for life to hold,
No dangerous Secret from the Queen—Farewel;
Repent my Lord, and urge this thing no more,
For 'twou'd be fatal, shou'd our Mistress know it.

Nor. The Queen must know it, you shall tell her too,
Therefore I came that thou shou'dt Intercede,
You, from whose Lips the Queen takes nothing ill.

Cec. Not for the Crown She wears, wou'd I acquaint her.

Cec. Beware Ambition, Sir,
The Queen has Jealousie to giv't a Name,
Disloyalty, Ambition is the Least.

Nor. Rash man! thou wrong'st the faithfull'st of her Subjects,
I'de-touch a Scorpion rather than her Scepter,
Her proud Regalias are but glittering Toys,
And the least word, a smile from Scotland's Queen,
Is worth whole Pyramids of Royal Lumber:
We only ask but Love and Liberty,
Give us but these, we'll quit her all the rest;
For where Love Reigns so absolute as here,
There is no room for any other Thought.

Cec. My Lord, consider what you'd have me say—
I dare not speak—not think of it—farewel.

Nor. Tell her, or by my desperate Love I swear,
I'll shout it in her Ears, were She hemm'd in

With

Mary Queen of Scots.

With Basilisks, or were She Queen of Fury's;
 Love, mighty Love, shou'd lead me, and Protect me,
 And by those Powers that Pitty the distress'd,
 If She'll not hear me, I'll proclaim yet louder,
 And Trumpet to the World the hated sound
 Of Royal *Mary's* wrongs.

Cec. My Lord, my Lord, come back—to save your Life,
 (For nought but Death can follow such a Rashness)
 Restrain your passion but a few short Moments,
 And I'll acquaint her Favourite *Leicester* with it,
 'Twill be more welcome from his mouth than mine,
 Him I will arm with Reasons for your sake,
 As shall the least incense the Queens displeasure. [going]

Queen *Eliz. Morton, Davison, Women, Gent. Guards*, all discover'd
 at the Throne.

Behold She appears, the *Scottish* Regent too.

Nor. Confusion seize him.

Cec. Be sure my Lord,
 What e're you see, and hear, contain your self.

Q. Eliz. Alas! my Lords, when will you cease complaining?
 And when shall this poor Bosom be at Rest?
 To see you still thus persecute my Soul,
 My Cousin, Sister, every thing that's dear,
 No, rather bury me beneath the Center,
 Or by some Magic, turn me into stone,
 Men fix me like a Statue, as high as *Atlas*,
 Round me such gaping Monsters as your selves,
 And underneath be this Inscription writ,
 Lo, this was once the *Carist Elizabeth*,
 The Queen of *Wolves*, and *Tygers*, not of Men.

Nor. What's this I hear? 'Twas some Immortal spoke!
 Down all ye Stars, and every gaudy Planet,
 And with your Lambent brightness crown her head.

Mor. The Parliament of *Scotland*, Mighty Queen,
 (Begging Protection of their Infant King)
 Have sent me to your Majesty—

Q. E. What King? what Queen have you, but Royal *Mary*?
 I'll hear no more; go home, and tell your Masters;
 And the crown'd Property, your cradle Prince,
 That here his Mother *Mary*, shall be own'd

Mary Queen of Scots.

His Queen, and absolute while I am so.

Mor. Most gracious Queen—

Q. E. You shall be heard— My Lord 7
to Norfolk.
Y're welcome, welcome as you most deserve,
The noblest Subject, and the bravest friend
That e're Adorn'd a Theme— how does the Queen ?
How fares my Excellent and Royal Sister ?
O Quickly, tell me !

Nor. Desolate She is,

Alas, I tremble, fearing 'tis a Crime,
To stab your Ears with such a doleful accent.
Cou'd I draw half that pity from your Majesty,
As She Extorted from her Prison-walls,
Then She might hope, for they wou'd Echo her,
And sometimes weep at the Relation.

Mor. I beg your Royal hearing, now, before
The Duke has charm'd you with a Syrens Story.
By th' Impartial Rights of Embassies,
And Justice, that still waits upon your Throne,
I humbly claim first to be heard.

Q. E. You shall,

Say what you please, my Lord, you have my leave ;
Beware there scape no Malice from your Tongue.

Mor. So thrive my hopes, as there is nought but Truth,
And grounds most Just, in what shall be alledg'd.
Our Queen, most mighty Princess, Europe knows,
Has long been wrapt in such a Cloud of Crimes,
That have ecclips'd the Lustre of a Crown.
Who sees into her Life—

Q. E. My Lord, I do command you cease, or if
You speak one word again to blot your Queen,
I shall suspect, as all the world has done,
You had a hand in that vile Regicide ;
Why were the Traytors else too black to Name,
Suppos'd by all contrivers of the Murther,
By you protected from the cry of Justice ?
If you have nought else to say, be dumb for ever.

Nor. Let Justice now be silent, whilst from high
Astrea looks, and wonders at her Oracle.

Mor. Your Majesty must give me leave to speak,
And plead the Right of Nations for my Guard—
Your Subject, I am not.

[aside.]

Nor.

Nor. Audacious Traytor!

Mor. If Innocent! why is she then a Prisoner?

If Guilty, why against the Law of Nature,

And Clamours of a Kingdom your ally,

Do you Bar the Gates of Justice, and secure her?

Q. E. To such a daring Insect as thy self,

I give no other answer, but my Will:

But as thou Represents a power above thee,

I tell thee proud Ambassador 'tis false;

My Throne's an Altar with soft mercy crown'd,

Where both your selves and Monarch may be blest,

And all your wrongs be equally redrest.

At home was she not Scandall'd and betray'd?

Nor Dignity, nor tender Sex was weigh'd,

Men fled to me for Refuge from a Crown,

As safer in my Castle, than her Throne.

Mor. Nay then I will be heard!

If your Confederate's Danger will not wake you,

Then your own Kingdoms must, behold a Letter

By *Navus* wrote, and Sign'd with her own hand,

Sent to the Noble-Men, her friends in *Scotland*,

Wherein She does asperse your Majesty

With Treachery, and breach of Promise to her,

But bids 'em be of Courage, and expect her,

For She is now assur'd of other Means,

Some mighty man, your Subject, by whose aid,

She hopes to be releas'd, and suddenly.

Nor. Most wise discerning Princess did you hear?

Hear this bold man, how loud he mouths at Princes!

The base, degenerate Coward, dreading You,

Now turns his Back, but worrys still a Queen.

Q. E. Let him be heard.

Nor. O stop the Traytors mouth!

Hear not a Monarch by her Rebel stain'd;

By that bright Throne of Justice which you fill,

'Tis false, 'tis forg'd, 'tis Lucifer's Invention,

Q. E. My Lord —

Mor. We've Letters too, and Wittness,

To prove that *Allan*, *Inglisfield*, and *Ross*,

Have bargain'd with the Pope, and King of *Spain*,

To Excommunicate her Son and you,

And given a Resignation of both Crowns,

Mary Queen of Scots.

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To that most Catholick Tyrant for his Service.

Q. E. Defend me powers! this is a Mountain Treason!

Nor. Prodigious Monster!

Q. E. Are you not amaz'd!

My Guard, my faithful *Cecil*, more my friend!

Thou art my *Delphos*, to whose Oracle,

Where shall I have Recourse, but unto thee?

Whose Bosom is my Guide, whose breast my council.

What think you now my Lord?

Nor. 'Tis all Conspiracy.

Cec. Rest, and refer this Matter to your Council; Something may be in this, but more deign.

Mor. If all's not true, I'll give my body up To Torments, to be rack'd, and die a Villain, Or stand the Test with any he that dares.

Nor. Quick, let me take him at his word— O that I had thee in some desert wild, As far from man as thou art from Humanity, Where none cou'd save thee but thy fellow Monsters? I'd crush the Treason from thy venom'd Throat, As I wou'd do its Poyson from a Toad.

Mor. My Lord—

Q. E. My Lord of Norfolk, you are to Blame.

Nor. I beg your Majesty to grant the combat, And I, as Champion for that Injur'd Saint, I Thomas Norfolk, with this arm will prove, That Mary, Queen of Scotland is abus'd, That She is innocent, and all is forg'd: Nay, till I have made him own to all the World, That he's not born of Noble blood, but that Some Ruffian stept into his Fathers place, And more than half begot him.

Mor. Gracious Queen—

Q. E. If Norfolk can so suddenly forbear That Noble Temper was so long admir'd, And trample o're so rudely in my Presence, The dignity of Crowns and Law of Nations; I can as soon recal the my Lavish bounties, That made this mad man equal with my self: Nay, were you Duke of all your fancy'd World, Your head as high as your aspiring Thoughts— Confess 'tis frenzy, so go home and sleep,

C

But

Mary Queen of Scots.

But take this Caution, Sir along with you —
Beware what Pillow is you rest upon.

Nor. If to proclaim the Innocence of her
Who has no Liberty to do't her self,
Be such a Crime, take then this Life, and honours, —
They're more your Majesties, than his that wears 'em, in the world.
But while I live, I'll shout it to the Shies,
Whilst Echo answers from this Ball of earth, —
Queen Mary's wrong'd, Queen Mary's Innocent.

Q. E. And must I endure all this?
Hence from my sight be gone, be banish'd ever.

Nor. I will obey your Anger, but gladdish is my heart to
You'll hear my Message first from the sad Princess.

Q. E. What said She?

Nor. Here is a Letter from that Guilty fair one?

She bid me thus present it on my Knees.

Q. E. Before I read it, you may speak my Lord.

Nor. Mark but the Superscription — is it not to me that she writes?

Her dearest Sister Queen Elizabeth?

Q. E. It is.

Nor. But had you seen her write it, with what Love!

How with a Sigh She perfum'd every word, —

Fragrant as Eastern wolds, or Garden Breezes,

That steal the Sweets of Roses in their Hights;

On every Syllable She raint'd down Pearls,

And said instead of Jems, She sent you Blessings;

For other Princely Treasure She had none.

Q. E. Alas! what meanest thou Norfolk?

Nor. Then She sigh'd, and said, —

Go to the Queen, Perhaps upon her Throne,

Tell her, mine is an humble Floor, my Palace

An Old Dark Tow'r, that threatening Dares the the Sky,

And seems at war with Heaven to keep Day out:

For eighteen Years of Winter, I ne're saw

The grass Embroyder'd o'er with Icy Spangles,

Nor Trees Majestick in their snowy Robes;

Nor yet in Summer, how the fields were clad,

And how soft Nature gently shifts the Scene;

Her hoary Vestment to delightful green.

Q. E. O Duke enough, thy Language Stabs my Soul.

Nor. No feather'd Chorister of cheerful Note

Salute my Dusky grate to bring the morn,

Mary Queen of Scots.

But Birds of frightful Omen, Screech Owls, Batts,
And Ravens, such as haunt Old Ruined Castles,
Make no distinction here 'twixt Sun and Moon,
But Joyn their Clattering Wings with their Loud-Creaks,
That Sing Hoarse Midnight Dirges all the Hours.

Q. E. O horror! Cetil, stop thy Ears, and Mime;
Now Cruel Morton, is she guilty Now?
She cannot be Ambitious of my Crown;
For tho' it be a glorious Thing to Sight,
Yet like a glittering, gawdy Snake it fits,
Wreathing about a Prince's tortur'd brow,
And oh! it has a Thousand Stings as fatal;
Thou hast no more to say?

Nor. I found this mourning Excellence alone,
She was a sleep, not on a Purple Bed,
A Gorgeous Palate, but upon the Floor
Which a mean Carpet clad, whereon she late,
And on a homely Couch did lean her Head;
Two winking Tapers, at a distance stood;
For other Light were blent that dismal Place,
Which made the Room look like some sacred Urn,
And She, the sad Effigies of her self.

Q. E. No more; alas! I cannot bear these sorrows;
Pray Rife my Lord
Nor. O! never till you have Pitty.
Her Face and Breast I might disover bare,
And looking nearer, I beheld how Tears
Slid from the Fountains of her scarce clos'd Eyes,
And every Breath she fetch'd, turn'd to a Sigh.

Q. E. O! I am drown'd! I am melted all to Pitty.
Nor. Quickly she wak'd, for Grief ne're rested Long,
And starting at my Sight, she blush'd and said,
You find me full of woe, but know my Lord,
'Tis not for Liberty, nor Crowns I weep,
But that your Queen thinks me her Enemy.

Q. E. My Breast like a full Prophet's o'rechang'd,
A Sea of Pitty, Rages to get out,
And must ha'way—Rise Norfolk, run, haste all,
Fly, with the Wings of Darting Meteers, fly
Swift as the merciful decrees above,

Are Glided down the Battlements of Bliss.
Quick, take your Queen's own Chariot; take my Love,

Dear as a Sisters, nay a Lovers Heart, O bring to abide with
And bring this mourning Goddess to me straight; and Fetch me this warbling Nightingal, who Long, in vain, has Sung, and flutter'd in her Cage; And lay the Panting Charmer in my Breast, This Heart shall be her Jayler, and these Arms her Prison, And thou Kind Norfolk, see my Will Obey'd.

Nor. O Run, and Execute the Queen's Commands, Prepare her Golden Coach, and Snow white Steeds, The Pattern of that Innocence they carry. [Exe. 2. Gent.
And fly more swift than *Venus* drawn by Doves, Shou'd all the Clouds pour down at once upon you, Make your quick Passage thro' the falling Ocean; Not the dread Thunder, let it stop, nor Lightning stay you.

Mor. Madam. —

Q. E. No more, you shall have Justice, Sir, The Accuser, and the Accus'd shall both have Justice, Why was I born to Empire, to a Crown, Now when the World is such a Monster grown, When Summer Freezes, and when Winter Springs, When Nature Fades, and Loyalty to King's.

Nor. When first the Fox beheld the awfull Lyon, He trembl'd, crowch'd, and saw his Lord, with fear King's once were God's, but now like Men appear, 'Tis for the Royal Furr, they hope to win, The Ermine might be safe, but for her Skin, If King's have any Fault, 'tis but the Name, And not who wears, but the Crown's to Blame.

[Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

ACTUS SECUNDUS,

Scoëna Prima.

Norfolk Solus. V. D. P. S.

Nor. **S**hout the Loud world, sound all the vast Creation,
 Let proud *Augusta* clad in Robes of Triumph,
 Thro' her glad Streets, with Golden Trumpets sound,
 And Ecchoe to the Ocean that She comes;
Maria comes proclaim it to the clouds,
 Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
 And on their wings, first bear it into *France*,
 Then back again to *Edina*'s proud walls,
 Till Victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.

Enter Morton. **V. D. O. P.**

Mor. My Lord, I came to find you.
 Nor. Pardon me,
 The mighty Joy that has since fill'd my Breast,
 And left no Room for other Thoughts, has made me
 Forget that you and I were angry.

Mor. And I. My Lord—
 Brave Spirits shou'd be stirr'd to wrath,
 As seldom as the Center is with Earth-quakes,
 Not like the Sea disturb'd with every blast;
 I came to speak with you, but as a friend.
 Last night when laid to rest, prepar'd for slumber,
 That gives soft ease to all but sorrowful
 And guilty mind, a sudden dread assail'd me—
 Inspir'd by some superiour Power that aw'd
 And stole quick Passage to my cruel bosom.
 My barb'rous Zeal, for a more barb'rous cause,
 Began to slack, whilst true Remorse and Pity
 Surpriz'd my Soul, and held it for the Queen.

Nor. O

Nor. O may they ever hold Possession there!

Mor. They shall; all She's accus'd of, is no more
But that She strove to cast her Fetter's off.

The Lion, when he's hinted to the toil,
Spares not himself, nor Foes within his reach,
But wounds his Bristly hide, and tears the ground,
And all for Precious Liberty he roars.

Freedom, which Heaven and Nature gave to all
But cruel man, and yet more cruel Laws deny.

Mor. What if some Nobleman shou'd be found out,
A Subject of this Realm, to wed our Queen?
For here are Subjects of Estate, and Rank,
May weigh their Coronets with Princes Crowns.

Nor. Some such there are, if She wou'd think 'em worthy.

Mor. She must, and will, She has no other hopes,
Steering thus wise in a Sicilian strait,
Your Jealous Queen will then be freed from fears,
By such a Match, who all her Reign has dreaded
Her Marriage with some Prince of France, or Spain,
So to convey her Title to the crown
To the worst Enemy this Nation has.

Nor. Name but the man who dares aspire to be
Her Kneeling Slave, much more her Royal Husband?
Say is't not Leicester?

Mor. All but your Self—
Wou'd first have nam'd the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. Ha!

Mor. Wonder not, Sir,

Nor. I ne'er can be Ambitious of a Throne,
But if I were, I swear to thee O Morton!
I wou'd prefer the charming Queen to all,
To crowns to Empire, or ten thousand Lives.
Queen did I say? the name's too great, too distant,
And sounds too mighty for a Lovers hopes.

Mor. The Planets all above, and Men below
Have mark'd you out to be that happy Man.

Mrs. Knight.

Mrs. Knight, Capt. Griffin, Ladies, Gentlemen, Guards.

Nor. O were she not a Queen,
But born of Silvian Race, Her Royal Seat
Some Mossy Bank, instead of *Scotlands* Throne;
Under no Canopy but some large Oak;
A crook in that bright hand, that once a Scepter sway'd,
And Coronet of Flowers her Temples wreathing,
Whil'st round her, all her bleating Subjects feed;
Glad I wou'd be to dres me like a Swain,
Beg from her looks alternately my Doom,
Mingle our Smiles, and mix our Woes together,
Sit by her side, freed from the Chains of Power,
And never think of Curst Ambition more.

Mor. Come, come my Lord, you wrong your Hopes, to hide
This Secret from the only Man can serve you.
I know you Love the Afflicted Queen; Confess,
And as soon as she's Arriv'd, I'll wait on her,
Fall on my Knees, nay Prostrate on the Earth,
Implore my Pardon of that Injur'd Saint,
And make it my Request for all her Subjects,
To take you for her Husband, and our King,
And for her Dower, her Crown and Liberty.

Nor. By all my shining Hopes, if thou art Real,
And makest us one, as we are one Soul already,
I will Reward thee with that Crown thou proffer'st,
And thou shalt Reign for Infant *James*, and me;
But, if I find thee false—

Hear mighty Vengeance, and aid me with thy Scorpions,
Lend me thy surest Thunder thus to Grasp,
Give me the Strength, the Rage of *Hercules*,
That I may take the Monster in these Hands,
And when he proves a Traytor, shake his Body.
The Queen's Approaching, one of us must part,
It is not fit we shou'd be seen together.
You will go wait upon the Queen of *Scotland*.

Nor. O *Morton*! be thou Faithful, and be Great.

[Exit.]

Mor. Farwel; Greatness, I'll owe unto my self alone, not thee.

Mary,

Mary, like a Proud Fabrick safely stands,
Supported by great *Norfolk* as a Column ;
Saw but this Pillar off, the Building Falls.
This Hot-brain'd, Heedless Duke, to save the Queen,
Runs Blind with Love, himself into the Gin ;
Thus, when the King of Beasts hears his Lov'd Mate,
Roar in the Toil, with Hopes to free her strait,
Scours to her aid, and meets the self same Fate.

Enter Q. Eliz. Cecil, Attendants and Guards. V. D. P. S.

Q. E. My Lord, the Queen's already in our Walls,
And Passing thro' the City to our Pallace.

Mor. I hope this Meeting will be Kind and Lasting,
And Prove as Joyful to your Majesty,
~~As is~~ our wellcome Queen to all your Subjects.

Q. E. My Lord, what mean you, who has wellcom'd her ?

Mor. I mean the Shouts, the Joyful Ring of Bells,
Bonfires, that turn'd the Night to Shining Day,
Soon as your Orders were dispatch'd to bring her.

Q. E. Were they so much Transported at the News ?

Mor. No doubt to please your Majesty they did it.

Q. E. It does not please me ; why was I not told it ?
I wou'd have added water to their Flames,
Dug up their VVharfs, and Sluices at their Gates,
To Quench their Saucy Fires.

Mor. 'Twas Ignorance —

Q. E. 'Twas Insolence !
But how behav'd the Queen ? Inform me *Morton* ?
Did she not look as one that came in Triumph,
Deck't with the Spoils of all my Subjects Hearts ;
Did'st thou not Read upon her guilty Cheeks,
Struglings, to shew a false dissembl'd Grief ? [Shout here.
Ha ! in my Ears ! and at my Pallace Doors,
Thus they wou'd dare me, had they Forts and Cannons.

Mor. This Sounds, as if the Queen were near.

Enter Davison. V. D. P. S.

Q. E. Speak *Davison* ; what means this Shouting ?

Dav. The Queen is come ; these Thundering Acclamations,
Proclaim your People's Joy, where e're the Passes.

It was your Royal Pleasure, I shou'd meet
This wish'd for, welcome Princes out of Town,
But cou'd not pass it, for the gazing Throng,
So Numerous, that, had your Majesty beheld them,
You wou'd have wept, as Xerxes o're his Armies,
To think, that in an Hundred Years, or Less,
Not one of those God-like Creatures wou'd be Living.

Q. E. Thou art Mistaken; for had I been there,
I shou'd have Smil'd to hear the giddy Rout,
That in one moment will their Prince. adore ;
And Sacrifice the next.

Dav. Mistake me not, nor your Kind Subject's Loves ;
I hope they did not mean it as a Fault.

Q. E. Proceed ; Did they not strive to give thee way ?
Not for my sake, nor for thy Dignity, and Place ?

Dav. Alas ! 'twas past their Power ! I might as well
Oppose my Breast against a gushing Torrent,
Or driven the Ocean from it's deep Abode,
As Stem the Multitude—but Mark what follow'd ;
For this was but the Curtain to the Scene.
You look displeas'd, I doubt I've said too much,
And fear I have done them wrong.

Q. E. I'll hear ; go on.

Dav. The Queen no sooner did appear, but strait
The Obedient Crowd shrunk back at her Command,
Making a Lane to Guard on every side ;
Not *Aeolus* with his Commanding Breath,
Did the unruly Waves so soon Control,
As she with her mild Looks the Rout disperst.

Q. E. 'Tis well : and what am I, Ungrateful People ?

Dav. But till she spoke, they hung like Cluster'd Grapes,
And cover'd all her Charriot like a Vine ;
The Loaded Wheels thick as the dust they hide,
And swarm'd like Bees upon her Coaches side.
Matrons and Virgins in her Praises Sung,
Whilst Tuneful Bells in Grateful Changes Rung ;
All Harmony from Discord seem'd to flow,
And Shouts from Tops of Towers, met Shouts below :
Nurses, when they with Joy, her Face had seen,
Wou'd, Pointing to their Children, shew the Queen :
Whilst they (ne're Learn'd to talk) for her wou'd try,

And the first Word they spoke, wou'd *Mary* cry. *keye* *keye* *keye* *keye* *keye*
Q. E. 'Tis false; thou wrong'st my Subjects,
 They durst not do this, durst not, did I say?
 My People wou'd not.

[*Shout here.*]

What's this I hear?

Are these the Perjur'd Slaves, that at my Sight,
 Have left their Callings, young Men at their Sports,
 The old, their Crutches too, wou'd fling away,
 And Halt, to see my Face—the Bridegroom at the Altar,
 That had his Bride by the Hand, at my approach,
 Left the unfinish'd Rites to see me Pass,
 And made his Eager Hopes wait on his Queen.

Dav. And there are Millions yet, that so wou'd do.

Q. E. No, I'm forgot, a new Thing has their Hearts,
 I am grown Stale, as Vulgar to the Sight,
 As Sun by Day, or Moon and Stars, by Night.
 O Curse of Crowns! O Curse of Regal Power!
 Learn you, that wou'd such Pageantry adore,
 Trust whining Saints, the Cunning Harlots Tears,
 And Listen when the Perjur'd Lover Swears,
 Believe the Snake that Woman did Delude,
 But never, never trust the Multitude.—

[*Shout here.*]

Cec. Run, and Proclaim the Queen's Commands to all,
 On Penalty of Death, they cease this Shouting.

Q. E. No, let 'em Stun me, Kill me, yes Vile Traytors!
 Ye shall have her ye Long for, in my Throne;
 False Queen! you shall enjoy your Sisters Crown,
 But it shall be with Stings of Scorpion's Guarded;
 And a worse Plague to thee, than mine is now;
 It shall be in the Tower, there thou shalt Sing
 Thy *Syrens* Song, and let them Shout in Answer, do:

I'll Teach ye how to flatter and betray—
Offers to go out,
 Run, Seize the Queen, like Lightning strait Obey; *and comes on again*
 Where wou'dst thou go? Where wou'd thy Fury drive thee?

What has my Sister, what has *Mary* done?

Must she be Punisht for my Subject's Crimes?

Perhaps she's Innocent of all this Joy,

And bears the Sound, with greater Pain than I,

Where shall I wander? In what Place have Rest?

The Cottage Floor, with Verdant Rushes Strewn,

Is Easier, than a wretched Monarch's Throne.

[*Shout here.*]

Dav.

Mary Queen of Scots.

19

Dow. The Queen is Just on Entrance.

Q. E. Does it please ye?

Behold she comes, meet, and Conduct her in,
Why stay you here? Each do his Office strait,
And set her in my Place; my Crown Present her,
And with your Hollows Echo all the Rabble,
The Deed is done, that *Mary* Is your Queen,
But think not to be safe, for when I'm Dead,
Swift on a Dragon's Wings from high I'll Fall,
And Rain down Royal Vengeance on you All.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Q. Mary, Dowglass, two Gentlemen, four Ladies. V. D. P. S.

Q. M. Come poor Remainder of my Lost Estate,
Once I was serv'd in Pomp, had many Friends,
And found no Blessing in the gaudy Crowd;
But now I am beholden to my Fate,
That after having Plunder'd me of All,
Left me the Gleaning of so Kind a Few,
Friendship to Misery is Reviving Food.

Dow. What will betide us now?

Q. M. Come near your Mistress,
Methinks your Queen, and her poor humble Train,
Look like a Crew of Shipwrack'd Passengers,
Shuddering and wet, thrown on some Land by Night,
Without a Friend to Cheer, or Fire to warm 'em.

Dow. Like them perhaps, we're cast upon a Shore,
Where no Kind Creature Lives to Pitty us,
But Wolves, dread Basilisks, and Gaping Monsters.
Alas! what meant those Shouts of Joy? to mock us?
Is this the Court of Fam'd *Elizabeth*?
And this the Throne where she was serv'd with Throngs?
Is this our welcome! where's her Glittering Train?
Here are no Crowds, no Face of either Sex,
But all abandon'd, like the Place we came from.

Q. M. Sure it was all a Dream, was it not *Dowglass*?
Thou little Angel that preserv'st thy Queen,
Appear'd like mercy, and unlockt my Prison;
But I, ungrateful, and my Fortunes worse,
Took thee young Rose, from thy own Fruitful Garden,
And Planted thee within a Cold dead Soil,

Mary Queen of Scots.

To Nip thy Youth, and with my Sorrows Kill thee;
 But shortly, I'll Release thee from thy woes,
 And leave thee to enjoy when I am Dead,
 What thou ne're found'st with me: Content.

Dow. Surely the Queen will see you, now you are come,
 Else we do walk Enchanted, and this Place
 Is not *White-Hall*, but *Pawler's Prison* still.

Q. M. Lend me your Hands, for I am faint, and weary,
 My Feet too tremble, and methinks the Floor
 Sinks under 'em, and now it fares with me
 Like a poor Marriner, that had been Condemn'd
 To a close Bark, a Long and Tedious Voyage,
 Who, coming to the Shore, scarce feels the Ground,
 And thinks the Earth do's like the Ship go Round.

Dow. Here sit you down a while.

Q. M. What in her Chair?
 Then she Indeed may say I am Ambitious,
 Ambitious of her Crown, which

I am not; [Sits on Stool.
 Now you upon the Floor Encompass me.
 So, this is as it shou'd be; Is it not?
 Thus have we oft beguil'd the Time at *Fotheringay*—
 Lend me a Glaſs, and Prithee tell me truly,
 How do I Look?

Dow. To see your self, is strait to banish Woe,
 And make you happy for that Day, I'm sure
 It do's your Servants when they look on you,
 You are so Good, so Perfect, and so Fair,
 Beauty and Sorrow, never were so near
 In any but in you.

Q. M. Alas! thou flatter'st me. [Reaching the Glaſs.

Dow. In all the Fatal Time of your Confinement,
 You Rarely saw your Self; or if you did,
 'Twas thro' such dismal Clouds of Garb and Sorrow,
 You scarcely knew that Visage so Ador'd;
 But now 'tis hard to tell which strives the most,
 Your Dress or Beauty to Adorn each other—
 Behold else.

Q. M. Give't me—ha! d'ye Mock me?
 Who Look'd in the Glaſs?

Dow. Madam!

Q. M. Alas!

Q. M. Alas! these cannot be thy Mistresses eyes,
Mine were dim Lamps, that long ago expir'd,
And quite dissolv'd and quench'd themselves in tears.
These cheeks are none of mine, the Roses look not
Like tempest beaten Lillies as mine shou'd,
This forehead is not graven with the Darts
Of eighteen years of sharpest Miserys,
Nor are these lips like Sorrows blubber'd Twins,
Ne'er Smiling, ever Mourning, and complaining—
False glass! that flatters, and udo's the fond: { *Throws an*
False Beauty! may that wretch that has thee, curse thee. { *the glass.*
And hold thee still Detestible as mine,
Why tarriest thou to give me yet more woe?
The earth will mourn in furrows at the Plow.
Birds, Trees, and fields, when the warm Summer's gone,
Put their worst looks, and sable Colours on,
The sullen streams, when the least tempest blows,
Their cristial Smoothness in a moment loose,
But my curst beauty, this malicious charm,
No Time, long griefs, nor blasts of envy harm.

Enter Duke of Norfolk. L. D. O. P.

Nor. What do I see the Person, or the Shadow
Of the most Royal Majesty of *Scotland*?
And these the weeping Mourners of her Fortune?
Bright as *Diana* with her Starry Nymphs,
Descending to make fertile Sea, and Land,
T' enrich the waves, and bless the World with Plenty—
O rise, most charming of all Creatures, Rise!
Or you bright heavenly Roof, that weighs the World,
Will turn the Scale, and mount the Globe above it.

Q. M. Who sees the needy Traveller on foot,
(When he approaches to his long'd for Inn)
Welcom'd, caress'd, and shew'd the fairest Room,
And Richest bed to rest his weary Limbs,
Or who beholds the Beggar on his straw,
Crying for Alms, before the Rich man's door,
And bids him Rise? go Duke, and shun this wretch;
Fly *Mary's* fate, for such and worse is She.

Nor. Rise charming excellence! Or by your self,
The greatest Oath that I can take,

I'll bear your Precious body in these arms,
 (Forgive the Sacreligious Violence)
 And set you in that proud Imperial Chair,
 Beneath whose scornful feet you meekly lie;
 Nay, I wou'd do't, were this She tarry by,
 Tho' She stood here, and dar'd me with Revenge,
 I'd seat you in that Place in spite of her.

Q. Mary. May all that's great and good, forbid.

Nor. The Powers above, and Mortals all below,
 Wou'd praise me for that deed—who can behold
England's bright Heirefs, *Queen of France*, and *Scotland*,
 Whose veins run treasur'd with the sacred blood
 Of *Fergus*, and a Hundred *Alban* Kings,
 Lie thus neglected, in a State thus mean?
 Who can behold it, and at once be Loyal?

Q. M. O tempt me not with thoughts of any State,
 But this that I am in; it was a Vision
 The world till now was but a dream to me;
 When I was great, I always was in Danger;
 Giddy, and fearful, when I lookt beneath,
 But now with Scorn I can see all above me,
 Happy in this, that I can fall no lower.

Nor. O say not so, for pity of Mankind,
 Least fate descends in Battles, plagues, and fire,
 To scourge the earth for so prophane a Sight,
 And treating thus the Majesty of Queens.

Had I the Thunder, Nature's self shou'd wrack,
 The frightened World shou'd at my Burden groan,
 Whilst thus I fell with my Immortal weight,
 Thus at your feet, and crusht its soul away.
 But as I am *Norfolk* still, the meanest wretch,
 Let me dig out of thee a grave, and say,
 As raving *Aristotle* to the Sea,
 Since I can't conquer thee, thou bury me.

Q. M. Rise gallant Duke, and shew me if you can
 Where shall the wretched fly to be at Rest?
 It was but yesterday I scap'd the wreck,
 And now so soon again set out at Drift,
 To Rocks, wide Seas, and vast extended ruin;
 That nothing but a Miraele can save me.

Nor. O cou'd I dare but whisper't in your ear,
 Or claim the sacred Promise once you made,

[Rise.

Here

Here you shou'd meet that calm Repose you want,
In Norfolk's grateful breast.

Q. M. O Name not Love!

Love always flies, the wretched and deform'd,
And I am both; Sorrow has play'd the Tyrant,
Plow'd up this once fair field, where Beauties grow,
And quite transform'd it to a Naked fallow;
That you had once my Word 'tis true, but 'twas
When I had hopes to be a Queen again;
I thought to give you with some Charms, a crown,
Which you deserve, but now they all are fled,
I am not worth the taking, cease the Thought.

Nor. You are above all Wealth, all Queens to me,
Your glorious head was shaddow'd with a Crown,
And brighter body seem'd but coursely clad
With Robes of Majesty, like Stars o're-clouded.
Those cast away, the cherubim appears,
Bright as the world was in its Infant years;
Eas'd of this Sumpter, take your happy flight,
The Lighter by the Load of Ponderous crowns,
You bare the badge of Heaven, where e're you go,
And beauties mine, more worth than all below.

Q. M. Where shall I fly?

Nor. To Scythia, wilds of Beasts,
Or any where but this accursed Place;
To Scotland else, where the repenting Morton,
(Whom real Pity of your Matchless Sufferings
Has turn'd a Saint) has writ to all the States
To meet, Receive you, and approve your choice.

Q. M. First let my Virtue, with my mind consult.

Nor. Nay, while we think, we stumble on our graves,
Or Prison, else you know not what the Queen,
And your vile Foes are now consulting of.

Q. M. To fly suspected, is to make me guilty;
Yet She condemns, and shuns me like a Monster,
Denys, what to the meanest criminal She grants.

Nor. A moment will undo us.

Q. M. Whilst fears, and hopes, to be victorious strive,
Like Seas with bold contrary winds opprest,
They rouse the quiet Ocean in my Breast.

Enter Davison and Guards. L. D. P. S.

Dav. The Queen, my Mistress, to her Royal Sister,
The wrong'd and Beautious Majesty of *Scotland*,
Sends by her Slave, the dearest of all Loves,
Not such as wanton fickle Lovers give,
But such as friends, and Royal friendship owe to virtue,
She lovingly Intreats you wou'd accept
Of this her Guard.

Nor. Ha!

Dav. Not as a Restraint,
But to protect your life against your foes,
Which still She Prizes dearer than her own,
Without are Officers prepar'd to wait you,
To an appartment nearest to her self,
My Lord, it is the Queens command,
You leave this place, and instantly attend her.

[Exit.

Nor. Immortal Power's a guard!

Q. M. Haste noble Duke, prevent her threatening Rage,
Plead for your self—behold I am not worse,
Then when you saw me first at *Fotheringay*.

Nor. Oh Rigid caution! Virtue too severe!
You have done a cruel Justice on your self,
And quite undone your *Norfolk*.

Q. M. Give me your hand;
I will be yours, or ne'er will be anothers,
That as my heart! But oh! most Gallant *Norfolk*!
Some time allow to weigh the nice Regards,
Of Jealous honour in a Princes breast;
Cruel Example, cruel greatness ays
Our Sex, and Monarchs with the hardest Laws—
Farwel.

Nor. O Tyrant Law! more cruel greatness still;
Man till forbidden knew not what was Ill:
And till Ambition sow'd the fatal Strife,
Husbands were blest, each Bride a happy wife;
Virtue once Reign'd, and then was so Renown'd,

Valour made Kings, and Beauty oft was crown'd,
Merit did then, much more than Interest plead,
The happy pair but lik'd, and soon agreed ;
But now Love's bought, and Marriage grown a Trade
Estate and Dower are in the Ballance weigh'd.
Love still was free, till Pride got in by stealth,
And ne'er a Slave till undermin'd by wealth.

[Ex severally.

End of the Second Act.

Actus Tertius, Scœna Prima.

Enter Morton and Davilon. O. P. P. S.

Mor. Now famous *Davilon*, 'tis in your power,
To be the Genius of your threaten'd Nation ;
And the Protector of your Crown and Laws.
A glorious Merit offers to espouse you,
And make your Name in *England's* cause renown'd ;
Your Mistress must not see the Queen of *Scotland*.
This you must study to prevent, for 'tis
To give a Dagger to a Lunatick,
How does She hold her Yesterdays Resolve ?

Dav. Just as I fear'd, for in her Bed-chamber,
Early this morn, I found the Duke of *Norfolk*,
Upon his Knees, petitioning for the Queen ;
At first She started, whilst her Eyes shot flames,
And bid him in a Fury strait be gone ;
Then, with an elevated Tone, She cry'd,
What must I ne'er be kneel'd to, but for her !
All Knees, all Hearts, must bend to her alone.
Whilst I like the dull slavish Animal
That bore the Goddess Image on his back,
Am worshipt only but for her.

Mor. Said Rarely !

Dav. Then on a fudden, call'd him back again,

Mary Queen of Scots.

Blotting a tear, that fell in spite of her.
 And bid him go to the distrest poor Queen,
 Sending her Ring, and with it many a Sigh ;
 Tell her, said She, tho' Jealousies of State
 Forbid that we shou'd meet, not many days,
 Not many hours, I am resolv'd to live,
 Unless I hold her in these arms for ever.

Mor. Then all my fears again return.

Dav. The Duke.

Rise from the ground, exalted and Inspir'd,
 Leaving the Queen with *Cecil* and my self ;
 But soon on us, presuming to advise her,
 She thunder'd, as the Immortals on the Giants,
 And made us feel what 'twas to war with Heaven ;
 Then in a Rage, She darted from her closet,
 And threw the door so hard, with such a Fury
 (As I have seen her Father *Harry* do)
 That made us tremble.

Mor. What wou'd you advise ?

Dav. I know not, for She wearys her attendance,
 And fain wou'd Shake 'em off ; surveys each Chamber,
 And measures every appartement in the Palace
 A Hundred times.

I know the cause, and tho' her Soul's too Proud,
 And wou'd not stoop to see the *Scottish* Queen,
 Yet She seeks all occasions out to meet her,
 And therefore Loyters like a Misers Ghost,
 About the treasure that it lov'd on earth.

Mor. This mighty Duke must be Lop'd low, or fall,
 His towering branches, are too vast, and high,
 Under whose tops, our Queen securely lies,
 And mocks the Just avenging storms above.
 He thinks he's clear'd from all accounts of Guilt,
 But I have that will set him in arrear,
 Ne'er to be paid, and ne'er to be forgiven.
 I'll to the Duke.

Dav. And I'll go seek the Queen.

[Exit.

As Davison is going out Gifford meets him. V. D. O. P.

What art thou that has haunted me so long?
Thou look'st, as if thou mean'st to draw my Picture,
I saw thee in the Presence of the Queen,
Which as I left, thou follow'dst me,
And still survey'st me with a curious Eye.
What woud'st thou with me? Say, what art?

Gif. A Man;
And what indeed is rare in such a place,
A Miracle at Court; An honest Man.

Dav. That were in truth, a wonder.

Gif. I am a Priest.

Dav. How darest thou peep thy head within these walls?
I'll have thee seiz'd.

Gif. Thou hadst better if 'twere possible,
The Guardian Angel of the Mistress seize,
I'm hir'd to kill the Queen.

Dav. Oh Monstrous Villain!

Gif. I am no Villain, but a Sourge to Villains.

Dav. Oh horrid! most unheard of Impudence!
Durst thou say this to me, that am her Servant?

Gif. Because you are, therefore I sought you out,
I came not here to act it, but Reveal it.
Hell cou'd not rest, and know it.

Dav. Thou say'st well;
What dire Companions in this Tragedy,
Haste thou? who set you on?

Gif. Oh they are mighty!
Nor was the Queen alone t' have felt the blow.

Dav. Is not the Queen of Scotland in the plot?
Speak as thy Virtue promps thee, and the Throne,
Thy Innocence, and Heaven, be all thy guard.

Gif. I know that for her sake, this was contriv'd,
Am witness too, She was consenting to it.

Dav. Wert thou alone, to act this monstrous Treason?
Gif. No, five bold Traytors more, besides my self,
(Curst that my name shou'd e're be read for one)

All made of Natures roughest, fiercest Mould,
Have enter'd in a damn'd Association,
(Start all that's humane, and divine to hear)

To kill the Queen! to murther Majesty,
 Their several Instruments of Fate, in sport,
 They made the guilt of Chance, to one by Lot,
 A Sword fell to his Share, the next a Gun,
 The third, a Pistol, Poyson had the fourth,
 The fifth chose water for the deed, who was,
 If all the rest had fail'd, t' have sunk her Barge,
 Rowing some evening, as her custom is,
 From Greenwich; and this Dagger was my Lot.

Dav. Thou'lt gain'd a Glorious, and immortal credit.

Gif. I can produce what will amaze you worse,
 No Necromancer ever show'd the Face
 Of a suspected Stealer in a Glass,
 As I the lively Figures of these Monsters,
 In Glorious Ostentation of the deed,
 Painted on Tablets, set in Gold, with *Babington*
 High in the midst, and in his Threatning hand,
 Grasping the weapon that shou'd kill the Queen.

Dav. Oh Villains! didst thou ever see Queen *Mary*?

Gif. Yes, and have seen her Letters to the Pope,
 To the Confederates, and to *Babington*.

Dav. To *Babington*! Say! does She write to him?

Gif. To him—I am the intrusted Messenger.

Dav. Dost know 'em to be hers? who gave 'em to thee?

Gif. Her Secretary *Curl*.

Dav. But are you sure they are the Queen's own hand?

Gif. Her hand I know, and this I'm sure's her writing.

To me they are first deliver'd, to convey. [producing Letters.
 And henceforth, as they come into my hands,
 To you I'll bring them.

Dav. Do so, which I'll open;
 And cause them to be neatly counterfeited,
 Then send the false, and keep the true ones by me,
 But hold, we are perceiv'd, come follow me,
 And when time serves, I'll bring thee to the Queen. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Q. Mary, Dowglas, and Attendants at the other Door, and sees
Davison and Gifford.

Q. M. Shew me, the unfrequentest Gallery
To walk in ; for we have not chang'd our State,
We only have a little Larger Prison.

Dow. Ha !

Q. M. What ails the Guardian Genius of his Queen ?
Why this disorder ? Wherefore did'st thou start ?

Dow. Saw you that Fellow, Madam ?

Q. M. Yes, why ask's thou ?

Dow. I know not ; but a sudden horror Seiz'd me
At that Man's Sight —
Was not that *Davison*, and he together ?
In Private Talk ? Ah, Madam, *Davison*,
A Spy of Quality, a Legier here
Of Plots against your Sacred Innocence.
By your unspotted Soul ! just such a Person,
(I wish he's not the same) I often saw
With *Navas*, during your Imprisonment ;
Oh my Prophetick Heart, warns and foretells me,
There's Mischief Gangering in your scarce clos'd Wounds.

Q. M. There's no fear, for my Kind Sister's Love,
And my own Innocence shall Conquer all,
That Hell, or Malice, can Invent against me.

Dow. What mean these Drops ? O Stars ! what means this shaking !
Young Prophets never wept, nor trembl'd so,
For Pitty ; when they told the Fate of Kingdoms.
Ah brightest Star that e're Adorn'd the World !
Take, take young *Dowglas* Council, and Retire !
O shun this Barb'rous Place ; and fly this Moment.

Q. M. What do'st thou mean ?

Dow. I know not, but am Pull'd
By some strange Destiny, that seems to you
As if I Rav'd, but blest were you, 'twere Madness.
Last Night, no sooner was I laid to Rest,
But just three drops of Blood fell from my Nose,
And Stain'd my Pillow, which I found this Morning,
And wonder'd at.

Q. M. That rather does betoken

Some

Some Mischief to thy Self.

Dow. Perhaps to Cowards,
Who Prize their own base Lives, but to the Brave,
'Tis always fatal to the Friend they Love.
Mark further; I was scarcely fall'n asleep,
Last Night, no sooner was I laid to Rest,
But you were Represented to my Fancy,
Deck't like a Bride; with *Norfolk* in your Hand;
The Amorous Duke that Smiles with every Glance,
Whil'st you Return'd them with more Piercing Darts;
But strait it seem'd to Lighten, and a Peal
Of dreadful Thunder Rent you from each other,
Whil'st from the Ceiling, Painted o're like Heaven,
Methought I saw the furious Queen of *England*,
Like angry *Juno*, Mounted on a Cloud,
Descend in Flames, at which dread Sight, you Vanisht.

Q. M. These are but starts of an o're watchful Soul,
'Which always Represents to us, asleep,
'What most we fear, or wish when we are awake.

Dow. Ah my best Mistress! on my Knees I beg,
Tho' the Brave Duke be as Renown'd as any,
That e're the Antients first Chose out for Gods,
Tho' never Man so Rivall'd all the Sex,
And left them bare of Virtues, like himself,
Yet for your Precious Life's Sake, that's more worth
Than Thousand Dukes: break off your Marriage with him.

Q. M. My Little Guardian Angel, thou hast Rous'd,
And beat a War within my Breast, between
The Interest of my Love, and Preservation:
Thou know'st 'twas long Consulted, and at last,
Concluded best for my uncertain State;
Leicester and *Cecil*, both have given their Words,
And *Morton* too, to gain the Queen's Consent.

Dow. There's *Morton* in it, therefore go no further.

Q. M. Thou wou'dst not have me wed the Gallant Duke.
Yet thou wou'dst have me fly: where shall I fly?
I dare not go to *Scotland*, that lays wait
To catch me in an Hundred Snares of Death;
And into *France*, I must not, will not go;
For then my Sister might with Reason say,
I went for help, to drive her from her Throne.

Dow. See where he comes, just in the moment, Fate,

Lo, your Ill Stars, against themselves are Kind,
And send to warn you, that you might avoid it.

Q. M. What shall I do? Say *Dowglass*, Lo, I stand
Like one that in a Desart lost his way,
Sees several Paths, yet knowing not the Right,
Stands in amaze, and fears to venture upon any.

Enter *Norfolk*, and *Morton*. *V. D. P. S.*

Nor. What! what, in Tears, thou Mourning Excellence!
Shed not that Precious Balm in vain, but spare it
To Heal the World, when Nature is a dying,
And *Chaos* shall be Threaten'd once again.
O save those Pearls to buy Large Empires for us,
And when we have liv'd long Centuries in Love,
To Purchase twice as many Years from Fate.

Mor. Weep you, when Love and *Hymen* gladly wait
To Banish Grief for ever from your Breast?

Q. M. Morton, I will proceed no further in this Marriage.
My Lord, I fear it will be fatal to us.

Nor. What do I hear?

Q. M. By all my Hopes, I must not.
Most Gallant *Norfolk*, to your Generous Love,
I owe my freedom, nay what's more, my Life,
And *Mary's* Heart is but the least Return
That she can make; but if that Heart proves Fatal,
A wretched Load to Curse with Woes, the Owner,
And Sink the Noble Vessel that it Fraits,
Pitty forbids me then to be so Cruel—

Think I deny you for your own dear Safety,
Think I deny my Self—Run, Fly, forsake me,
Seek not for shelter in a Falling *Tower*,
But leave me to be wretched here alone.

Nor. Shou'd all the Fiends break loose, and stop my way,
And you blew Marble Roof and Stars Descend,
To crush me and my Hopes; I'de on this Moment,
And Perish with my Love, but I'de Enjoy her.
Give me thy Trembling Hand, the whitest Lilly,
Set in the fairest Garden of the World.
Chaster, and Purer than the Virgin Snow—
If 'tis a Sin to blot us with a Tear,

O! cou'd.

O! cou'd it speak, 'twould Expiate it's Crime,
And say my Soul still wants a Rougher Language,
To chide my *Alban Queen*.

Q. M. Cease *Norfolk*, cease.

By all your Hopes of Happiness, and mine,
Your Kinder Genius, not my own foretells
This Deed will be the Ruin of us both :
First break it to the Queen, gain her Consent.

Mor. That is already done ;
Leicester long since, Emplored her Royal Leave,
She knows it, and in not forbidding it,
Her Silence may be taken for a Grant.

L. M. Delay it but a Day, and let me haste,
(If Shame, your Cruel Foe, will give me Leave)
And ask the Queen's Consent.

Mor. You yet Create new Hazards,
And still forget the Queen denies to see you ;
Besides that were to wake some new Surmize
Of State, Perhaps she'll then demur on the Request,
And Call your Foes to Council, which if done,
And Past Prevention, she'll not blame the Deed.

Nor. O Gallant *Morton* ! let me hold thee thus ;
More Pitiful then Sighing Virgins are,
And Kind as Interceeding Angels, thou.

Mor. Go quickly then, and Tye the Sacred Knot,
Due to your Interests, due to Matchless Love.
Elizabeth shall Jealous be no more,
Nor fearful then that any Forreign Prince
Too soon shou'd Joyn his Kingdom to your Right,
And Claim your Lawful Title to the Crown—
Go Instantly—how'e're she seems to Frown,
She'll Smile within her Heart, when once 'tis done.

Nor. By all your Woes now feed, and Joys to come,
And more ; by all your Precious Vows I Charm you.

Q. M. Why do you hold me ? where d'ye hurry me ?
To be your Fate ! to be your Enemy ?

Nor. Remember, O Remember *Fotheringay* ;
Forget not what it heard, and Echoes still,
Your oft Repeated Vows, and *Norfolk's* Groans.

Q. M. Some Pittying Angel from above look down,
And shew me strait the Path that I must follow.

Mor. Away ;

Mor. Away ; the Sun sets forth like a Gay Bride-man with you.

Q. M. Come then, Conduct me, since I must.
And now Ambition, Empire, all begone,
I leave you with your heavy weight, a Crown.

Mor. Curst Accident, the Queen is here.

Q. M. What's that you say ? O take me from her Sight ;
Joy, and Pale fear within like Gyants Fight :
Hope bids me go, my trembling Heart says stay,
But who can Love and Reason both Obey ?
Do what you will with me, away, away.

[Retire.]

Enter Q. E. Cecil, Davison, Lords, Attendants, Guards : Q. E. sees, Q. M. and Norfolk, Going off on the other Side.

Q. E. Ha ! see my Lord's, behold !
Is that the Queen, and Norfolk so Officious ?
Traytor !

Cec. May it please your Majesty, it is.

Q. E. Bid him come back—see, she comes with him too.
My Lord, how durst you approach that Hand ?
Nay, Talk with an Offender against your Queen ?
And slight thus plain my Absolute Commands ?

Q. M. Alas ! let not the Noble Duke for me be blam'd,
Nor bear a weight so heavy as your Anger,
When I am thought by you the foul Aggressor ?
He only met a poor abandon'd wretch,
Loft in a wild, and put her in the way ;
For here I wander by my self forlorn,
Know few, and taken notice of by none.

Q. E. She has a Royal Presence ; awful form !
By those bright Constellations o're our Heads,
Which Story feigns were Charming Women once,
There is not half that Beauty in those Orbs, } Aside.
Nor Majesty on Earth.

Think you my Lords, that she is above the Earth ?
That she appears so Beautiful as Fam'd ?
Give me a Glass—ha ! how's this Jewel plac't ?
What a Vile Curle, and awkward Patch is here ?
Look but on her, and yet methinks,
She's much behoden to her Sable Dress,
As thro' a Sky of Jett Stars glitter most.

Cec. Not to deny the Charms of Scotland's Queen,

Yours Rivals hers, and all the Sex.

Q. E. Nay, now you grossly flatter me my Lord,
'Tis long of such mean Sycophants as thou,
That Princes are so wretched, ne're to know
The Errors of their Persons, or their Minds.

Q. M. What! not a Word! am I not worth one Word!
Now Stars! I dare you how to do your worst.
You cannot Curse me more now if you wou'd.

Q. E. Ha! she shoots Magic from her very Looks,
And every Word's a Charm that Lull's my Rage;
Like falling drops of mild and gentle Rain,
They wear into this Breast of Adamant;
Assist me now my Courage, Pitty, Friends,
Support me All! how shall I bear it now?

Q. M. Nor yet a Look! not one kind Look upon me?
No Token that I once was *Scotland's* Queen?

Q. E. Hearst thou this Burleigh—Cruel *Davison*!
Ye Seed of Rocks, ye Brood of Wolves and Tygers!
Y've turn'd me into Stone, more Monstrous than your Selves!
If I but look on her, she ays my Sight,
Like a Loath'd Fiend, I dare not see the Light.

Q. M. Did I e're think our meeting wou'd be thus!
Thus *Mary*, and *Elizabeth* shou'd Greet!
So do the Christians with the Pagans Treat,
The Brave *Plantagener* with *Ottoman*,
The Golden Eagle with the Silver Crescent,
But never thus, the white Crofs with the Red.

Nor. This needs must Charm, were she more fell than Woman—
She melts, yet fain wou'd hide it—happy Sign.

Q. M. The Friendly *Ocean* when the World was made,
Took Care to joyn our Kingdoms near together,
And shall not we our Loves, and tender Hearts?
We, who one happy Loving *Island* Holds,
Of the same Sex,
And one Rich Blood Travels thro' both our Veins.
Shou'd we thus meet, and at a distance Talk?

Q. E. Support me *Cecil*.

Q. M. The Beauteous *Margaret*, your Royal Aunt,
Whose Right, and Lawful Grand-Daughter, I am.
Met not my Grand-Father, the Valiant *James*,
With such a Scornful and Neglectful Brow;
For if she had, I never had been Born,

And

And you not known the hated Queen of Scotland.

Q. E. Come lift me from the Place where I am Rooted,
On Wings of Angels, bear me to her Arms.

Q. M. What e're may be the Effects of Natures Power,
In your hard Breast; I'm sure that part of you,
That is in mine, Torments me to get forth,
Bounds upward, and Leaps from me to Embrace you,
My whole Blood Starts! —

Q. E. And mine can hold no Longer — { Run and Embrace.
My Sister — oh! —

Q. M. Can this be Real?

Q. E. Throw thy Lov'd Arms, as I do mine, about thee,
And never feel less Joy than I do now —
Oh! 'tis too Great, it is Unspeakable,
Cleave to my Breast, for I want Words to tell.

Q. M. Then Injuries Farwel, and Woes be Banisht;
Forgiveness now, and Pleasures fill my Breast;
They were not half so Great, when I Espous'd,
And threw these Arms about young *Frances Neck*,
And laid me down the Queen of half the World.
I feel the Blood of both our Ancestors,
The Spirits of *Tudor* and *Plantagenet*,
Glow thro' my Veins, and Start up to my Lips,
To Parley with, to wonder and to Kiss,
Their Royal Brothers hovering upon thine.

Q. E. Witness ye Powers! take notice how I Love her!
Worship this Token, as glad Saints Receive
Embassadors from High.

Q. M. O let me Go,
Give my wild Joy some Breath, some Room to walk in;
O! I shall burst into a Thousand Pieces!
As many *Attoms*, as my Queen has Charms.—
A Thousand Years of Pain is not enough,
For this one moment of Seraphick Joy.
That she is Kind, and thinks me Innocent!
Innocent! that won Word's far above
The Wealth of Crowns, nay all but you, and Love.

Q. E. Ah Royal Sister! urge my Guilt no more,
But blot it from thy Breast, as I from mine.
Down on your Knees—All that Regard my Frowns.
Behold your Queen's, both *Scot* and *English* here,
Hear, thou wide *Ocean*, hear thy *Albion Queen's*,

Mary Queen of Scots.

Let my dread Voice, far as thy Waves be heard,
From Silver *Thames*, to Golden *Tweed* Proclaim,
With Harmony of Drums and Trumpets, Sound,
Not me, not her alone, nor one, but both,
Sound *Mary*, and *Elizabeth* your Queen's.

Kettle Drums and Trumpets Sound,
and Beat here; then all Rise again
from Kneeling.

Q. M. O! be less Kind, least Fate shou'd snatch my Joys,
And Hoard 'em up for an Immortal Treasure,
For they are two Great for Mortal Sense to bear.

Q. E. I do her wrong to keep her from new Joys,
Each moment shall beget, each Hour bring forth,
Fresh Pleasures, and Rich Welcomes to delight her.
Prepare her Table, Deck the Bed of State,
Let her Apartment shine with Golden *Arras*,
Strew Perfumes in her way, sweeter than Incense,
Rare as the Sun draws every Morning up,
And fragrant as the Breath upon her Lips;
Soft Musick Sound where e're she wakes or sleeps,
Musick as Sweet, Harmonious, and as still,
As does this soft, and gentle Bosom fill.

Q. E. Thus let us go, with Hand in Hand Combin'd,
The white Cross with the Red, thus ever Joyn'd.
England with *Scotland*, shall no longer Jar;
And *Albany*, with *Albion* no more War;
But thus we'll Live, and walk thus every Day,
Till from the Verge of Life, we drop away;
So have we seen two Streams, with eager Pace,
Hasten to meet, and Lovingly Embrace,
Making one Current, as we make one Soul,
Till Arm, in Arm, they in the *Ocean* Roll.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.

ACTUS QUARTUS,
Scoena Prima.

Enter Cecil and Davison,
Severally.

Cec. WEEP Davison, and drown thy head in Tears ;
Or let thy Tongue for Eloquence so fam'd,
Be mute for ever, once like Angels sounding,
To charm the Ears of our offended Monarch.
The Gallant Duke, the Darling of his Country,
The Scipio, the delight of all Mankind,
The Nations Glory ! Star of shining Virtue,
Is lost. You came from searching of his closet,
We are his Friends, say, have you any hopes.

Dav. O None ! the false and treacherous Morton,
That fir'd the Dukes fond Passion for the Queen,
Men like a Villain to his Foes betray'd him ;
This Serpent of Delusion has discover'd,
What e're the Brave, and Generous-hearted Man
Did in his harmless mind Intrust him with.

Cec. What Token, or what Circumstance of Treason
Amongst his Papers found you ?

Dav. Very little,
Besides his aim to wed the Queen of Scotland,
Yet one thing points some colour of a guilt.
It did appear he furnish'd her with money
To aid her Friends in Scotland, who, you know
Now at this time invade our English Borders.
Here is the Paper, which, Alas ! was found
Under the Quilt, beneath poor Norfolk's Bed,
Plac't there on purpose, as suppos'd by all,
By Hickford, a Domestick of the Dukes,
Who, apprehended has accus'd his Master.
Read here a List of several Lords, his friends,

Mary Queen of Scots.

As Arundel, Southhampton, and some others,
All order'd to be taken.

Cec. Cruel chance!

What Temper holds the Queen in this extream?

Dav. Fiery, and cool, and melting in a Breath,
At once She Sighs, and Pitys the fall'n man,
And the same moment Rages, and Upbraids him.

Cec. O She must worse be stung before to morrow ;
How will will she bear her self when she shall know
The foul Conspiracy of Babington !

Place Gifford Ready as the Queen comes forth ;
'Tis dangerous to conceal it any longer.

Methinks I pity less the fate of *Mary*,
Now it has cost the Ruin of the Duke—
See where he comes, wou'd *Cecil* had no Eyes ;
Yet he bears manly up, Rears his stout head,
Like a bold Vessel in a Storm, and scatters
Bright Beams of Majesty thro' all his Clouds.

Enter Duke and two Guards. V. D. P. S.

Room for the Duke—

Nor. Room for the Duke ! Room for no Duke, no Substance now,
The Emblem of dissembling greatness rather.
Man is the truest Dial of his Fate,
His Princes Favour, like the Sun at noon,
Shews not a thing so beautiful and Gay,
But as the Planet sets, too soon he spies
His growing Shadow painted on the ground ;
O *Cecil* ! thou and *Leicester* have undone me ;
Brought by thy cruel caution in these fetters,
And by the Traitor *Morton* thus betray'd.

Cec. These Tears be witnesses, I never mean it.

Nor. I must believe you, yet you are
Too good a States-man, and too nice a friend.

Cec. By all that's Just, you wrong the Love I bear you —
Behold the Queen—I'll gain your Life, brave Duke,
Or hazard now my own.

Enter

Mary Queen of Scots.

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Enter Q. Eliz. Morton, Gent. Guards, Ladies. P. D. P. S.

Most Merciful, most Royal, and belov'd!
Behold your *Cecil* bends, why ne'er yet s'd
To you in vain—O spare the Gallant Duke,
Who in this Act of Adoration, vows
Henceforth to prove the faithfull'st of your Vassals,
And from this hour to abjure the Queen of *Scotland*.

Nor. Hold *Burleigh* hold, Proceed not for the Globe;
If the Least word that I'll abjure the Queen,
Scapes from thy Mouth, by my bright hopes, 'tis false.
That I'll ask pardon, tho' I never wrong'd you. [kneels.]
'Tis but a word, and I'll do't again:
For Kings are like divinitys on earth,
Whom none can serve, but must sometimes offend;
But to deny my Love, and to disclaim her;
O you bright powers! abjure my alban Queen!
First let me grovel in some loathsome Dungeon,
And feed on Damps, and Vapours like a Toad,
What! to save my Life! a hated Skull!
Had I as many heads as I have hairs
Reap'd from this Body like a Field of Corn;
Yet after all, not one shou'd be so Base.

Q. E. You'll find, bold Duke, this one has said too much,
And done more than a Thousand heads can answer.—
Go send him to the Tower.

I'll have him try'd to morrow, and if guilty,
Beheaded strait; send his ambitious head,
To travel for that airy Crown it look'd for;
And tell me when 'tis off, if then it talks,
Or calls out for his *Alban Queen* to help him—
Oh where my Soul! is there a friend that's Just?
Or after him, a Man that I can trust?—

Nor. You need not doubt it.
That dying Martyr who invokes her Name,
Calls for more aid than all the Queens on Earth.
She is her self thy Genius, but for her,
This Isle had been like flameing *Aetna* found;
Or as the World was in a deluge drown'd.

Q. E. She's false! and thou a most ungrateful *Traytor*;
Here's *Morton*, *Cecil*, all the World can tell, Thou

Thou didst aspire to marry her, and get my Crown.

Nor. By my Immortal hopes, I am betray'd,
And She's abus'd by Traytors—

No *Cecil* won't; no honest Subject dares,
But *Morton* as the worst of Fury's may,
O She's so Good, so Innocent, and Mild,
That, *Scotland*, wert thou curst to that degree,
Shou'd all thy scatter'd seeds yield nought but *Poysons*,
And Pregnant Women bring forth none but *Mortons*,
Thou hast atton'd for all those plagues in giving her,

Q. E. Away with him, and let me never see
That head again, but on a Pinacle.

Nor. Be witness all ye Powers, I bear it mildly,
And for my Fate, I kneel agen, and bless you;
May you live ever, and for *Norfolk's* death,
No dire Remorse, disturb your Balmy Rest.
But may your soft Eternity glide on,
In dreams of Paradise, and Golden Slumbers;
But for the Injur'd Queen, Inspir'd I rise;
And tho' a threaten'd Prophet, yet dare speak
When e're she falls; may her accusers all
Prometheus Vultures in their Bowels feel,
And with their King of Traytors roar in Torments.
But thou a Queen, that judg'd this Royal Martyr,
Loud Cherubims to earth your Guilt shall sound,
Which worse than the last Trumpet shall rebound,
Wake, or asleep, her Image shall appear,
And always Hollow *Mary* in your Ear.

Cec. Now *Davison's* the time.

[Exit guarded.

Dav. May't please your Majesty—
What shall be done with the offending Queen?

Q. E. Nothing, bold Saucy Pen-man—I say Nothing—
Send *Norfolk* to the Tower, but on your Lives
I charge you, use no Violence on her;
Make not such haste, too soon you'll break this heart,
Then glut you selves with Slaughters of my Subjects.

Cec. Then so much for the Duke—call *Gifford* in—

Enter *Gifford. V. D. O. P.*

If you are Steep'd as in a Lethargy,
Of Love, and o're-grown Mercy to the Queen,
And will not let your Eyes behold your danger,

Then

Mary Queen of Scots.

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Then we who are your watchful Servants must — amst ed T No
Behold and hear, for 'tis so loud and plain,
That 'twill Astonish every Sense about you.
This Man, this honest Man, whose statue ought
To be set up in Gold in all our streets,
Inspir'd from above, discovers that himself
With five bold Ruffians more, were all set on
By *Mary Queen of Scots* to murther you.

Q. E. To murther me!

Dav. With Sacrament they bound it,
More horrid, than e're *Cataline* Invented,
Who to enslave *Rome*, ty'd it with human Blood.
First view the Monsters Pictur'd to the Life,
Each with their several Instruments of Fate
Wav'd in his hand, with which to Hell they swore,
If either of 'em fai'd, to write your Doom.

Q. E. Protect me Angels!

Cec. What does this make you Start!
Do these strange Hieroglyphicks, Raise your wonder?
The Slave that fired the gaudy fane at *Ephesus*,
Deserv'd to be a Saint to these, he strove
But for an Odious credit after Death,
But these alas! Presumptuously desie
Heaven and the world, to anticipate the blow,
And tell mankind they Glory in the deed.

Q. E. What's here! a Latin Sentence which their chief
Does seem to bellow from his Hellish Mouth.
These are the Men whom danger only leads.
Here is thy Face makes one among the Ruffians.

Gif. With Horror I confess it.

Q. E. Tell the Rest.

Gif. I will but Wonder when you hear what Men.
Of several Stations club'd to do this Mischief:
The Elements are not so aptly mixt
To make a perfect world, as they to act a deed,
Woud startle Nature, and unfix the Globe,
And hurl it from its Axle-tree, and Hinges.
The first is *Babington*—Rich, and of Birth;
Might lift him to be rank'd amongst the Nobles,
Young, Proud, and Daring, Fiery and Ambitious.

Q. E. I know the Gentleman, of *Derbifshire*;
He came to me, for leave to go to *France*.

Gif. The same.

Q. E. Oh horrid! who can read a Villain!
How Subtly Nature paints, hides a false heart,
And shrouds a Traytor in an Angel's Garb!

The next.

Gif. Tillny—a Courtier.

Cec. What, the Queen's own Servant?

Dav. I know him too, his Father's only hopes,
Heir to a great Estate, Oh Paracide!

Gif. This Barnwel—Turbulent, and Precipitate,
A bloody-minded wretch, fit for the deed;
Of Ireland.

Cec. I believe each word thou say'st,
Without his Country, it cou'd have been no Plot.

Gif. Savage a—Ruffian of the worst degree,
And never to be painted, as he is,
Stew'd in a Brothel house, and tann'd in blood.

Q. E. Oh Queen! oh Mary! where's thy Refuge now?

Gif. The fift is Charnock, Student of the Law.

Lastly, to make the compound great, my self.

Q. E. I've heard too much, hence and be dumb for ever;

O for the Quiet that my Mind has lost!
Strip me of Glory, Titles, and Renown,
I'll give 'em all for that so blest Repose,
Last night I felt, deny me not this Prayer,
Curse me with Madness, blast me with diseases,
Turn all these hairs to snakes upon my head,
To hiss me from the Stage of mortal Life.
Melt this loath'd Diadem with lightning down
Not as it ran before it was a Crown,
And to a Desart let me strait be sent,
I'll suffer all, make her but Innocent.

Cec. 'Tis fit you double all your strength about you,
And let the Queen immediately be seiz'd.

Q. E. 'Tis false she is abus'd, and this is Forg'd,
She is not, nay She shall not Guilty be.
See, Monster, Fury, Traytor! all together Jesuit!
Be sure thou prov'st this crime upon my Sister,
Be sure thou dost without the smallest doubt,
Or I will Rack thee with a Thousand Tortures,
No I will have thee, long, long Years a dying,

Mary Queen of Scots.

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Feed thee by Weight to starve a Grain a day,
Whilst thy vile Flesh whole Ages shall decay,
And Spirits by slow degrees distill away.—
Yet, Oh! 'tis all too little to Recal
That wealthy Maids of quiet thou hast lost me.

Cec. 'Tis the Request of all your faithful Subjects,
That you'd be pleas'd to seize the Queen of Scotland,
Least She shou'd act, what is but yet design'd.

Dav. Your sacred Life's in hazard every hour;
For your poor Kingdom's Sakes, and for your own,
For all your Nations Lives depend on yours.

Q. E. Rise—
Let the Conspirators be apprehended,
Of whom this Gifford, gives you Information.

Cec. And not the Queen?—
Q. E. O spare my Sisters Life!
If nothing but a Queen's Blood will content you,
Take mine you barb'rous Hunters.

Cec. Alas!
Q. E. Begone, why was this hid from me so long?
If this were real, I had soon be dead,
And then ne're felt the blow, cause unsuspected,
But now ten Thousand deaths are not so painful,
As this curst Life, which thou dost strive to save.
My Soul's in Torment, Reputation, all
In this loath'd Act which thou would'ft have me do.

Cec. Whose Soul, whose Reputation will be Rack'd
And censur'd with severest Pains hereafter,
If by your fond Neglect, you lose that Life,
Intrusted by the Powers to guard your Nations,
And leave your Laws and Libertys betray'd,
Your People all a Prey to foreign Moniters,
Dye, and bequeath the Dagger in your Breast,
To brood, and get a Hundred thousand more,
Perhaps as many as your Subjects Throats,

Nay, we must speak, think what you will, and weep,
For not to tell you, 'tis to be more cruel.

Q. E. But how shall I be Censur'd,
To throw this charming guest so quickly from
My Bosom, and then shut her in a Grate;
'Twas but last night She had another Prison.
There's now no time for answer or dispute;

There's now no time for answer or dispute ;
Either resolve her Fate, or bear your own.

Q. E. Begone, I charge you tempt your Queen no more,
Woman was form'd of Mildness, Love and Pity,
Take from me first the softness of my Sex,
Were I the hot Revengefull Monster, man ;
A man ! a Savage fierce *Hyrcanian Tyger*,
Yet I cou'd not be so cruel.

Cec. Then since you'll shut your Ears to all safe Council,
Bear witness you Cælestial powers, and you
My Queen, I have discharg'd my duty
And clear'd my self of your approaching danger ;
But e're that dreadful day of your Ecclipe,
Come *Davison*, let thee and I go wander ;
Far we'll Remove, where such a horrid deed,
Shall neither blast our Eyes, nor reach our ears,
England farewell ; I've serv'd you well, and Long ;
We'll not stay here to be good Councells Martyrs,
And to be torn in Pieces by the Rabble,
When you are dead, which we forewarn'd you off,
Tho' ne'er so just, and cautious of your Fame,
A Kings Miscarriage is the States-man's blame.

Q. E. Stay, I command you —
Arrest a Crown ! Impeach a Sovereign Queen ! [aside.]
Here, take my Crown, depose me first, or Kill me,
Let Giffords dagger do its fatal office ;
Then like a Nest of Tyrants you may reign,
And under Publick Laws, doe publick wrongs,
But Royal Power can never be so cruel.

Cec. Behold she comes, command we apprehend her.

Q. E. You have my leave, do with us, as you please —
But Tyrants, send me strait, whereby your power,
These cruel eyes, may never see her more. [Going off.]

Enters Q. Mary and Dowglafs, Ladies and Gent. L. D. P. S

Q. M. Turn, turn your Face, and give one long'd for Look,
My charming Queen ! the morning's gone, and yet
I have not seen those eyes that bless the Morn ;
Shou'd not those looks where beams of Justice shine,
And Pity sits Inthron'd with Majesty ;
I hear the Duke of *Norfolk's* in displeasure ;

Why

Why Sighs my Queen, why bends your Royal Head,
As Loth to Grant? Can Mercy, ha! Can I too plead in vain?
Nay, then I'll bind you with those Chains of Friendship,
Lean my sad Cheek on yours, and mix your Tears with mine.

Q. E. Now Rescue me, or I am Lost.

Dav. Guards Execute your Orders on the Queen.
We beg your Majesty for Love of Fame,
By your unbyass'd Rule, and Charms of Justice!
Rouze your Imperial Courage and Display
An awful, and offending Steps.

Cec. For now your Wisdom, Crown, and Life's at Stake;
Nay, and the Lives of all your faithful Subjects,
For this one Precious moment of your Conduct.

Q. M. I will obey your Orders, fright not me,
Nor stir my Soul, so lately us'd to Wrongs.
What is my Crime? yet wherefore do I ask?
For Chains look Lovelier far about these Arms,
Than Diamonds; and Tears hang on my Neck,
More Beautiful than Strings of Orrent Pearl.

Q. E. Ah Cruel Princess! we are both undone,
You have Robb'd your Sister's Breast of it's Treasure,
More than my Crown, you've Robb'd me of your Self.

Dav. *Mary*, Late Queen of *Scotland*, y're Impeach'd,
By the Name of *Mary Stewart*, of High Treason;
For Plotting to Usurp your Sovereign's Crown,
And hiring *Babington* to Kill the Queen.

Q. M. Hear Thrones and Powers, that Guard the Innocent!
The Gorgon is at last diselos'd to View.
What! Kill my Sister! hurt your Precious Life!
O Monster of Invention! Cruel Falshood!
And oh Vile Calumny begot in Hell!
Nay, then I see my Ruin is decreed,
The Duke must die, and I must suffer too.
But Cruel Foes, had you no way but this?
To Blast me with Eternal Infamy!
And oh bright Vengeance! is there none in Store?
Will Fate, that Providence from none debar,
And every Living Insect claims a Share?
Will you Lock fast your *Adamantine* Doors,
Now when a Queen, an Injur'd Queen Implores?

Q. E. Incroaching Pitty stop thy Flowing Torrent,

And

Mary Queen of Scots.

And Ebbing Nature sink to that Extream,
Of Cruel *Brutus*, that Condemn'd his Son ;
For this is now my Tryal.

Q. M. Say amongst you,
Who is that Man, or Devil, that dare accuse me ?

Dav. The Traytor has confess his guilt and yours,
With Letters that you Sign'd to do the Deed.

Q. M. Hear, hear just Powers ! and all your Guard of Kings !
Hear Royal Maid, for Virgin Pitty Fam'd !
Heard you how they did flander Majesty ?
And can you bear it ? half these Veins are yours,
My Royal Title, Tender Sex the same,
Doubly of Kin, in Royalty and Blood,
And can you hear your Sister, hear your Self so stain'd ?

Q. E. O Blame not me, but Curse the Fate of Princes ;
We are but Guardians of our Subject's Rights,
And Stewards of our own, none bound so fast
To keep the Laws they make ; as the Creator's Selves.
Alas ! I am like one, that sees far off,
Have all the wishes of a Friend to save you,
But Ty'd by Oath, and cannot stir to help you.

Q. M. This *Babington*,
Must be some Villain hir'd to do this Treason,
And lay it upon me, but bear me witness, all, and you
That of disjoyned Atoms form'd the Sun,
The shining Heavens, the Planets, and the World,
So wonderful and glorious as they are,
Who sees into the Soul, and all its Walks,
Thro' this dark Mould, Transparent as a Glas !
O may these Fatal Eyes, worship'd like Stars,
Drop from this Visage once like Heaven Ador'd,
And leave this Face a Death's Head to be shun'd ;
Or may this horrid Hand, this Hand, or this,
That once was fragrant with the Breath of King's,
That Kneel'd to Kiss this wrong'd, this Innocent Hand ;
May it drop from me like a wither'd Branch,
From this Vile Stock, and never Sprout agen,
If e're I will'd the Deed, or Sign'd such Letter.

Q. E. 'Tis time for me to go, is't not my Jaylors ?
I have seen more than any Tyger cou'd.
O Pitty'd Queen ! Farwel.

Q. M. Is then your Boasted Love, debas'd to Pitty ?

O stay !

O stay ! and mingle Kindness with your Justice ;
I beg not for my Self, but for my Fame,
To dy's no Pain, but to dye branded is a Thousand Deaths.

Q. E. Enough ! 'tis Cruelty in me to go,
And worse to stay.

Q. M. Yet I Entreat you to stay ;
Are you so Cruel to believe me Perjur'd ?

[Holds her.]

Q. E. Yet Loose, for Pitty of us both, let go,
The World has not so griev'd a wretch as I,
And thou lay'st hold upon so weak a Bough,
That the least weight will sink me quite with thee.

Q. M. Hear me, thou deaf and cruel Queen ! ah no !
Thou mild as Babes, and tender as their Mothers !
Hear me but this, this once, this last—what neither—
Then to just Heaven I Kneel, and not to thee, —
Here let my Knees take Root.

[Kneel.]

Dav. Tho' clear and spotless as the Light you are,
Yet that must be examin'd by the Laws ;
The Lord's must quit you.

Q. M. Must the Law then Judge me !
Nay, then I'll Rise with shame from this mean Posture ;
And now I feel the Majesty of King's,
Dart from above to hear it self Prophan'd,
Stretching my Soul and Limbs to such a Vastness,
As the first Race of Mankind e're the Flood,
When Heroes more than Mortal Rul'd the World.
Come bring me strait to this contemn'd Tribunal ;
Then all the Courage
Of my Imperial Ancestors Inspire
This Breast, from *Fergus* first, to *James* my Son,
Last of his Race, that sway'd the *Scottish* Globe,
For Fifteen Hundred Years shine thro' my Face,
Print on my Fore-head every awful Look,
Defend your Royal Right, and for me Plead,
Shoot from my Eyes, and strike my Judges Dead.

Q. E. If *Mary's* Fate were Sentenc'd by this Breath,
If that were Judge, I wou'd this Hour acquit her ;
Depend upon thy Innocence and me,
When that is clear'd, we both shall happy be :
I can no more—Farwel—Grief Tyes my Speech,
And Pitty drowns my Eyes.

Q. M. Pitty'd by you ! I will not dye so meanly ;

No,

No, tho' in Chains, yet I'm more Brave and Free,
 Scorn thy Base Mercy, and do Pitty thee ;
 Thou canst not take my Life ; but if thou dares,
 I'll leave a Race as Numerous as the Stars,
 Whilst thou shalt fall with Barrenness Accurst,
 And thy Tormented Soul, with Envy Burst ;
 To see thy Crown on Mary's Issue shine,
 And England ever blest with Scotland's Line.

Q. E. Stay Sister, stay :

[*Ex. Guarded.*

Oh! 'tis too Late !

She's gone, drag'd from me by the merciless Laws,
 Nor can I tear her from the Vultures Tallons ;
 But oh ! like the distracted Mother Roar,
 Whose Child, a Wolf had from it's Cradle Bore,
 Haste to it's aid, and all the way in vain,
 To Heaven, and to the Savage does Complain ;
 Speaks the Beast Kind, till hearing as he Flies,
 Betwixt his Teeth her tender Infants Cries,
 Then she adds Wings, and in her Flight does Rave,
 With Eager Hopes it's Precious Life to save :
 But finds the Monster with her Bowels Gor'd,
 And in her Sight, it's Panting Limbs devour'd.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T. V.

SCENE I.

Enter Morton and Davison severally.

Mor. WELL have we met, thou *Machiavel of England* !

And Rival to great *Cecil* in his Fame ;

There's something of Importance on thy Brow,

Whereon I read the great Delinquent's Fate.

Dav. Queen *Mary* is Condemn'd, and which is worse,
The Sentence of the Duke, must rest no longer,
And *Norfolk* is this Hour to lose his Head.

Mor. The Plot of *Barny*, to Release the Duke,
Was thought the means to urge his speedy End.

Dav. He had obtain'd his Pardon, but for that,
His Circumstance of Treason was so slight.

Poor Duke ! the most Unfortunate and Brave.

He comes to meet his Death, within these Walls,

Where she must enter, and prepare for hers,

And Chance, alas ! may be so kind, or cruel,

To let them meet — her Sentence was Pronounc'd,

And she preparing hither, in her Barge.

Mor. How did the Haughty Queen submit her self ?

Dav. This great Commission, which consisted of

All the Queen's Lords, and Counsellors of State,

(Of which my self was one, with five of the Judges) made

The highest Throne of Justice upon Earth ;

Yet she Contemn'd, and Storn'd 'em as too Base,

To sit upon, and Judge a Sovereign Queen.

Mor. How cou'd you then proceed ?

Dav. The Court o're-rul'd it as slight Objection,
And said, they did not try her there, as Queen ;
But as a Person taken into Protection.

* *Mor.* A Nice distinction that, and like your Lawyers.

Dav.

Dav. At last, having deny'd with Constancy,
The Legal Power of this Imperial Court,
And finding all too plainly prov'd against her,
As a Rare Swimmer, Shipwrack'd on the Ocean,
A vast and dreadful distance from the Shore,
And hopeless grown, with all his Arts to reach it,
Gives himself o'er contentedly to Drown,
So she sat down, and mildly then submitted.

Mor. But what was the most Stabbing Proof against her ?
Her Correspondence had with Babington?

Dav. Behold the Duke's just coming forth to Dye ;
The Queen is Entering too : 'tis as I fear'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen Mary and Guards. *The Duke of Norfolk and two Guards,*
as Going to Execution.

Q. M. Must the Brave Duke, receive his Death to day ?
Dow. Alas, see where he comes, a fight will kill you.

Q. M. Quick, lead me, drive me from this dismal Object,
Will the Queen's Malice hunt me to the last ?
Nor leave me, when I'm at the Bounds of Death ?
Was there no Time but now ? No Way but this ?
O hide me in the Bosom of yon Cloud,
Or cover me with Mountains to avoid him.

Nor. My Queen ! my Lovely *Alban* Queen ! sure I'm
Already Dead, and this the happy Region,
Where Souls, like hers, receive their blest Rewards.

Q. M. Turn, much wrong'd Duke, e'er Death seals thy Eyes,
This Moment tear 'em out, as I wou'd mine ;
Shun me, as here thou woud'st thy horrid Fate,
Or Mouth of Basilisk —

Nor. What says my Queen ?

Q. M. Is not thy wrong'd, and valiant Spirit shock'd ?
And Death a much more welcome Guest than I ?
And worse to see me, than to feel the Blow ?

Nor. By all your Wrongs, and mine —

Q. M. O come not near me.
'Tis said, a Murther'd Body, tho' tis cold,
And all its Veins Frozen and Congeal'd in Death,
When he approaches nigh that did the deed,
Warm'd by the mighty Power of just Revenge,

Peurs

Pours a warm Flood, and bleeds afresh,
Why dart you not a Peal of Curses on me?
Your Eyes *Prometheian* Fire to blast my Soul?
And why's not every Hair upon thy Head
Arm'd like the Bristl'd Porcupine against me?

Nor. Love's Wounds may bleed in Death, but no Grief ease;
The Ax, these Guards, and this grim Pomp of Fate,
Stir me no more than Acted in a Play.

My Love's Immortal, too Divine to fear,
And feels no Horror, but to part with you.
O cou'd I but Redeem your Precious Life,
I'de fly to meet the Torments of the Fiends,
A Thousand Years, and dye thus every Day,

Q. M. Alas! most Pity'd Prince! force not these Drops,
Tears, the kind Balm, to ease all Tortur'd Breasts
But mine; and mine finds no Relief—begone—oh no—
For you must ne'er return—let me be gone.

Nor. For Death I am prepar'd, but not to part with you.

Q. M. 'Twill not be long, some two or three short Days,
Or Hours perhaps, and we shall meet again.
We both are in the Balance, weigh'd for Death,
You in the Sinking Scale, that's near the Grave,
And I hang tottering here in hopes to follow.

Nor. By Mercy, that still Guards the Throne of Princes!
The Queen, tho' Woman, ne're can be so Cruel.
What! Shed the Blood, the Sacred Blood of Kings!
'Twere Blasphemy unpardon'd to suspect it,
But if she dare, I will my self descend,
Arm'd with a Legion in the Shades below,
Guarding like gods, the utmost Fort of Life,
And drive your Lovely Spirit back, to be
Inshrin'd within this Sacred Mould again.

Q. M. Oh Duke! are you so Cruel and Unkind?
I had but two Priz'd Friends, in all the World,
The Queen, and you, and she forbids me Earth,
Will you deny me Heaven?

Nor. Away, your Danger Spurs me on the Race,
Swift as the Mind can think, my Soul shall fly,
And make the Scaffold, but one step to Heaven.

Q. M. And till I come, your Happiness to see,
Kneel, and atone th' offended Powers for me.

Nor. Yes, all the Shining Host shall plead your Cause,
 Round the Ætherial Throne Queen Mary's Wrongs
 Shall be the Theme of their Immortal Songs,
 Whil'st for Revenge their Crystal Trumpets sound,
 Till their Shrill Voice to Frighted Mortals bound ;
 The Stars shall shake, the Elements be aw'd,
 And both the Globes shall feel th' avenging Rod.

Q. M. No more ;
 Our Souls shall soon a Joyful Meeting have.
 But to our Mortal Parts, a long Farewel.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

[*Alcove with a Table, Pen, Ink and Paper, and Chairs.*]

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Ladies.

Q. E. A Midnight Silence fits upon the Morn,
 The Eye of Day shuts, as Afraid already,
 And seems the Setting, not the Rising Sun.
 I want no Glories that the World can give,
 Crowns on my Head; and Kingdoms at my Nod ;
 Yet where's the Quiet, where's the Freedom here ?

Enter Cecil and Davison.

Dav. My Lord, I fear we have Transgress'd too far
 Upon the Queen's most Private Thoughts.

Cec. Thoughts, or no Thoughts, we must and will awake her.
 Yet hold, let us Retire within hearing
 Till she is pleas'd to call.

[*Retire.*]

Q. E. Norfolk is now no more,
 His Body's freed from Pain, his Mind from Fear,
 And feels, like mine, no Doleful beatings here.
 Curst be this Crown, and this loath'd Scene of Power,
 And curst this Head that e'er the Magick wore.
 The careless Shepherd's Breast feels no such Sting,
 More lov'd, obey'd, and Happier than a King ;
 His Subjects do not one another hate,
 For Malice, or for Jealousie of State,
 But harmlesly the Ewe, and crested Ram,
 Walk side by side, and guard the tender Lamb.

Who's

Mary Queen of Scots.

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Who's there ?

Re-enter Davison and Cecil.

Cec. What wou'd your Majesty ?

Q. E. Welcome, kind Cecil, to assist me ;

Welcome, I hope, to rid this Breast of Tortures

What say the Council to their Queen's Demand ?

Shall my Dear Sister live ? Shall I be happy ;

Speak Davison, and tell your Mistress Doom ;

Quick, for my Soul now starts to meet the Sound.

Dav. May't please your Majesty, your Faithful Council,

To what you urg'd, that Mercy shou'd be shewn

To one of *Mary's* Dignity, and Sex,

And near Relation, both in Blood and Title to you ;

They humbly offer, that no Sex, nor Greatness,

Nay, were they Sprung from the same Royal Father,

Ought to protect Offenders' gain't their Sovereign ;

And Boldly tell you, Mercy is a Crime,

When it is shewn to one that has no Mercy ;

She wou'd have taken your Life,

Which is not safe as long as *Mary* Lives.

Whom if you save, in hopes that Heaven will spare you,

'Tis not to trust to Mercy, but provoke it.

Q. E. Is this the Censure then, of your most wise

And arbitrary Caution ?

Dav. Mightyest Queen !

Do not mistake what is your Subjects Loves ;

Our only Zeal, is for your Royal Safety,

To whom one Precious Moment of your Welfare,

Is far more worth than all our Lives and Fortunes.

Cec. To that Objection of your Majesty,

That this may draw a War from *France* or *Spain* ;

We all agree, with one entire Consent,

If any such shou'd be, to Guard your Crown

And Royal Person, with our Lives and Fortunes ;

And such Fond Fears are held Impossible,

For they can ne'er hurt *England*, but by her,

And all such Dangers at her Death will vanish.

Q. E. Is this your Answer to your Sov'reigns Tears ?

This all the Kindness that two Queens can beg ?

Dav. All fixt, and firm as Fate, we are resolv'd

Like Rocks to stand the Tempest of Vain Pity,

Since to deny you this, is to be Loyal :

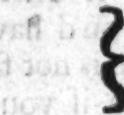
And

And to asswage the Tyrant Mercy in your Bosom,
 No other Answer we can give but this :
 I kneel, and humbly offer to your thinking
 A Saying no less true to be observ'd,
 Than once was said of *Conradine of Sicily*,
 And *Charles of Anjou*, Rivals in a Crown,
 Which is —— The Death of *Mary* is the Life
 Of Queen *Elizabeth*, the Life of *Mary*
 The Death of Queen *Elizabeth*.

Q. E. Hear, you Immortal and Avenging Powers !
 Are Kings Vicegerents of your Rule on Earth ?
 Breathes the Rich Oyl yet Fragrant on our Brows ?
 And are we thus Oblig'd ? there are but two
 Main-Attributes which stamp us like your Selves,
 Mercy and Sole Prerogative, and those
 Daring and Saucy Subjects wou'd deny us.

Cec. May't please your Majesty ——

Q. E. I'll hear no more — Hail Pious Confessor.
 In vain we sprung from *Edward's* Sacred Line,
 I from this Hour the Tyrant will begin,
 Throw off the Saint, and be no more a Queen ;
 No more be fam'd for Merciful abroad,
 But turn my Sceptre to an Iron Rod.
 For if thou wou'dst be great, thou rather must,
 Be Fear'd for Cruelty, than Lov'd for Just :
 Hence and be gone, for I will Thunder bring,



[*Ex. Dav. Cec.*

Fell as a Woman, Awful as a King.

[*Going steps.*

What have I done ? With whom shall I advise ?
 Heaven keeps at Awful Distance now, and Treats not
 With Kings, as it with Monarchs did of Old,
 In Visions counsell'd, or by Prophets warn'd.
 Inspire my Thoughts — Bid *Davison* come back.
 How wretched is my Fate !
 That on each side, on Ruin I must run,
 Or take my Sister's Life, or lose my own.

Re-enter Davison.

Dav. I come at your Dread Majesty's Command.

Q. E.

Mary Queen of Scots.

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*Q. E. O Davison! Thou art a Man, on whom
My dayly Smiles like Rays adorn thy Person ;
But thou hast Merits that out-shine my Bounties.*

Dav. O whither wou'd your Majesty !

*Q. E. Thou seeſt how thy Poor Queen is Tortur'd.
'Tis vain to hide what thou haſt Eyes to find ;
How backward I am ſtill to Cruelty ;
How loth to drein the Blood even of my Foes.
Is there no way to Satisfie my People,
Nor Jealous Power, but by my Sister's Death ?*

*Dav. I wou'd advise ;
But Oh ! What hopes can that Physician have
Of Cure, whose Patient throws away his Medicine,
And ſays that is a Poyſon ? Lo, I kneel
To you, the Wiſeſt, Charming'ſt Queen on Earth,
The Perfect'ſt Patern of thofe Powers above ;
Yet oh ! the more y'are good, in Mercy ſhine,
They ſeem more fixt to ſave ſuch Excellence,
Which cannot be but by the Death of Mary.*

*Q. E. Screech Owls, Dark Ravens, and Amphibious Monsters.
Are Screaming in that Voice — Fly from my Sight ;
Run Monster, find, and ſeek thy Habitation,
Where ſuch Loath'd Vermine build their fatal Nefs,
Or ſink there to the Center as thou kneel'ſt,
Rather than that ſhou'd be, riſe and be gone.*

*Dav. This ſhall not fright your Slave from his lov'd Duty,
Nor from this humble Poſture; no, unleſs
You take this. Weapon in your Royal Hand,
And thrust it in your Servant's faithful Breast ;
And let out all my Blood that's Loyal, yet
When I am Dead, ſo well you are belov'd,
There's none of all your Subjects but wou'd Bless you,
Thus kneel, implore, and hug the Fate that I had.*

[Rifere]

*Q. E. Be gone quick, Davison, thou fatal Charmer,
Thou Subtle Mouth of the Deluding Senate.*

*Dav. Alas ! what Ends can your kind People have ?
What private Benefit can they propose,
By this Queen's Death, but to preserve your Reign ?
Which is the all, and only Blessing aim'd at.
Believe, consider.*

Q. E. Oh Davison !

Dav.

Dav. Remember too your Danger — News is brought
 That Spain has an Armado launch'd, so vast,
 That o'er our Narrow Seas will form a Bridge,
 To let in all their Living to this Island;
 With Iron Rods to scourge, and Chains to bind us,
 Th' affrighted People hasten to their Shores,
 And scarcely can perceive a Cloud far off,
 Darkning the Sky, and Blackning all the Sea;
 But cry the Armado's coming.

Q. E. Vain Reports!

Dav. Upon this Dreadful Rumour, strange Alarm,
 I heard it run in Whispers thro' the House,
 And all the Lords that sat upon the Queen,
 That this Invasion was for Mary's sake,
 And if you will not Sign her speedy Death,
 They must be forc'd to fly, or set up her,
 In hopes that when she Reigns, that Prosperous Act
 May expiate their Crime in Judging her.

Q. E. Ha!

Dav. 'Tis most true; can you condemn 'em for't?
 Sign but the Warrant, stay the Execution,
 And then perhaps, your Subjects, when they find
 How much their Queen did condescend for them,
 May soon Relent, and with Submissive Tears
 Request that Life, which you so long had begg'd
 Of vain in them.

Q. E. I have consider'd — write.

Dav. Write what?

Q. E. Write what thou wilt, write any thing,
 A Warrant for Queen Mary's Execution,
 Queen did I say?

Dav. Oh! good Angels bless you!
 Nay Children, whom you have now redeem'd from Slaughter,
 May Live to the full Age of Man, and Sing
 Your Praise.

Q. E. Did I say Queen?
 Shall the Fierce Hand of curst Elizabeth
 Condemn to Dye her Cousin and a Queen!
 Dispatch, and let thy Pen fly o'er the Paper,
 Swift as the Quill upon an Eagle's Wing!
 For if thou giv'st my Thoughts one Moment for Repentance,
 Had'st thou the Tongue, the Eloquence of Angels,

It were in vain to alter my Resolve.

Write, write, no matter how, if foul the better,

Foul as the Fact I am about to do.

Dav. See, I've already done.

Q. E. Quick, quick it must,

[Davidson Writes.]

[Reads.]

To our Lieutenant of the Tower, Commanding that the next Morning after sight of this, you shall deliver to our Sheriffs of London, the Body of your Prisoner Mary Steward.

Oh Cruel Davidson! when thou cam'st here,
Tears shou'd have flow'd, much faster than thy Ink,
And drown'd her Name with Rivers from thy Eyes,

To be Beheaded on a Scaffold fixt without the Tower.

[Reads.]

And I to this must Sign Elizabeth.

Quick, give my Roving Thoughts no time for Reason;

But thou Successful Devil, put the Pen

Into my Hand, and Hell into my Bosom.

Dav. Consider that it is of no more force,
Than Testaments, that may at any time,
The Party Living, be Revok'd and Null'd.

Q. E. There, there it is

[Signs it.]

[Soft Musick ready with Flutes.]

Yet stay; be sure thou keep'st it, as thou woud'st
Thy Soul and Body from Eternal Fires.

Think, when I put into thy Hands this Paper,

'Tis not the Life of Mary, but thy Queen's;

The Moment that thou part'st with this Dead Warrant,

May the Just Statesman be thy Fortune still,

And all thy Good rewarded be with Ill;

Tho' Honest, may'st thou be a Villain thought,

And Dye a Traytor for thy Prince's fault.

[Exit.]

Dav. The Deed is done at last.

Enter

Mary Queen of Scots.

Enter Morton and Cecil.

Cec. Hast thou got the Paper?

Dav. 'Tis in my Hand.

Mor. Victorious Davison!

External Ages shall adore thy Statue,
And wise Historians, when this Deed they Note,
Shall lift thy Name among the Stars for this.

Cec. Giv't me;

Dav. But had you heard what Execrations —

Cec. Oh! no matter, ours be all the Blame,
We'll carry to the Joyful Council this.

To Morrow she shall Dye, and the Queen rest,
When this hugg'd Cancer's parted from her Breast.

[Exeunt.

Soft Musick here.

[A Table, at the upper End of the Stage.]

Queen Mary Discover'd kneeling, with a Book in her Hand, her Woman
kneeling by her.

Enter to them Dowglas, and Men Servants.

Dow. Behold her kneeling; O ye Immortal Powers!
Ye Powers that help so good and mild as she!
Send Hosts of Cherubs down to waft those Sighs;
Sure all the World's remember'd in those Prayers,
And in those Tears, thy Guilty Foes are wash't.

Q. M. Come all of ye, draw near; [Q. comes forward.]
How goes the Day?

Dow. The Sun's now risen, whose Setting you'll ne'er see.

Q. M. Suppose I've but an Hour of Life, that were enough;
The Distance up to Heaven, tho' it seems so great,
Yet 'tis so nigh, and Mercy flies so fast,
That in less while than swiftest Lightning falls.
It saves the poor Delinquent at the bottom,
That has been Ages tumbling to Perdition.

Dow. O ye Dread Fates! ye Sovereign Guard of Kings!
Must that Bright Head, be Snatch'd off by an Ax?
Upon whose Brow's a Crown, a Sacred Crown?

Q. M. What matter's it, how we Dye?
When Dead we are all the same, there's no distinction.
Betwixta Prince, that on his Gorgeous Bed,

Give

Gives up a Pamper'd Ghost, and me upon a Scaffold y^e I last did T
 A Scaffold, and with that Impartial Judge,
 That holds the Steady Equal Beams of Justice,
 A Crown weighs light, with Virtue in the Ballance.

Dow. How Dye, and how bears that Precious Heart,
 The expected Moment of its Body's Fate?

Q. M. Ne'er better; for my Maids can bear me Witness,
 I laid me down to Rest, and all the Night
 Slept like a thoughtless Infant,
 With Smiles imprinted on its Lovely Cheeks,
 And wak'd with Joy to dress me for my Travel,
 Like one, who on a *May-Day-Morning* sets out,
 Pleas'd with the Beauties of the Lawns and Fields,
 And hopes to come into his Inn at Night.

Dow. O Miracle of Innocence!

Q. M. Thou, *Douglas*,
 Art Young, may'st Live my Story to relate,
 To Men, that now are Children in the Womb;
 But *Melvil*, thou hast been long my faithful Servant,
 Haste into *France* and *Scotland*, when I'm Dead;
 There tell the *Guises*, my Dear Cousins, and Son,
 Thou saw'st me Die, in the true Faith I liv'd in;
 Not *Scotland's* Crown, nor *England's* Hopes cou'd tempt me,
 Nor eighteen Years a Pris'ner, to A postatize,
 Nay, nor my Life, which now I Seal its Martyr.

Dow. O Saint like-Goodness!

Q. M. Y've been faithful all; What poor Estate, my cruel Wants have left me,
 (Here is my Will) I freely giv't among you; Wou'd it were more, as much as you deserve;
 Nay Weep not, here are some few Trifles I will distribute with my own glad Hands,
 Here is some Gold and Jewels in this Casket, Share 'em among ye, and a Kiss to each.
 Heaven bless you all: thou *Melvil*, take this Ring, I wou'd not have thee every time thou look'st on't,
 But sometimes call to mind, that it was *Mary's* Poor Man! his Griefs, have Choak'd his Speech—
 Receive this Bracelet from thy Mistress Arm, And ty't about thy Wrist—go to my Son, The rising Sun, from *Mary's* endless Setting,
 And he'll take care of thee, and all of ye.

Dow. Alas! I quickly shall be past all Care,

This fatal Day hangs heavier on my Youth
Than Threescore Years can do on D'englass head.

Q. M. I've nothing else to give, but after me Joys
In Reversion.

Dow. 'Twill not be long, e'er you will shine a Star,
And light us on our way.

Q. M. Give me some Wine—your Mistress here bequeaths
Her last kind Wishes to you in this Draught.
I have no Friends, no Children nigh, but you.
He whom I bore, wrack'd from these tender Bowels,
Scarce blest his joyful Mother for her Labour,
With his first Infant Beams; but was by Villains,
Like little Romulus, from this Bosom torn,
And Nurst with Wolves; wherefore my dearest Friends,
My Faithful, Suffering, Mourning, Weeping Servants!
Your Queen, your Mistress, drinks to every one,
And all Revenge, and Malice bury'd be
In this kind Bowl, as is this Wine in me.

Dow. Give me the Cup:—here's to our Mistress;

[Turns about, puts Poyson in the Cup, and Drinks.]
And to her Health of Immortality,
And mine. Behold they come to fetch you.

Q. M. They are welcome.

Enter Cecil, Merton, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Guards.

My Lord, I have expected you with Joy.
You find me like a Cheerful, Longing Bride.
Come, and Conduct me to my Bridegroom Death.

Cec. Alas! I must.

Q. M. Bring you no Message from the Queen?
Nor word of farewell, to her Dying Cousin?

Cec. Something she wou'd have said, but burst in Tears,
Whil'st with a Groan, her Tortur'd Speech expir'd,
And on'y cry'd, O Mary, and no more.

Mor. Madam, I kneel, in hopes of your Forgiveness.

Q. M. Thou'lt done no Ill to me, but as thy Nature,
A Wolf can do but as Wolf.—thou hast it.
Tho' Heaven thy Horrid Crimes, may ne'er forget,
But let my Son revenge his Father's Murther,
Which thou too surely did'st, and laid'st the Stain on me.

Enter

Mary Queen of Scots.

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Enter Davison in haste.

Dav. I've strange and sudden News to tell you,
Just now's Arriv'd from Scotland, Patrick Grey,
With Letters to the Queen, which have disturb'd her ;
But more my Lord, she seem's incens'd at you.

[To Mor.

I wish this Execution had been done,
Or not to do.

Cec. We are gone too far already,
To think of going Back.

Dav. Room for the Queen.

Madam, 'tis fit you wou'd dismiss your Servants,
The Scaffold will be crowded else,

Q. M. The Queen my Sister cannot be so Cruel,
Shall this poor Body, when its light is out,
(Which Princesses were kneeling Proud to Deck),
Its Bashfulness without a Blush expos'd ?
And none of all my Friends, at last allow'd
To Weep, and Shrowd these Limbs, when I am Dead,
Which these poor Wretches all, will thank you for.

Cec. Madam, tho' against the Orders of our Mistress,
Two of your Women Servants shall attend you,
And of your Men the like, which best shall please you.
Now have you ought, that we may tell the Queen ?

Q. M. I have but one Request, that she'll permit
My Friends to bear my Body into France,
There to be Bury'd with my Ancestors
Of Lorain, whence my Mother was descended ;
For Scotland, thou that never gav'st me Quiet,
When I was Living ; ne'er shalt rest me Dead.

Dav. On then, make way there.

Q. M. Come near, and you two take me by the Hands ;
For to the last, with Decency I will,
Tho' little Port, the Majesty retain
Of what I am, the Rightful Queen of Scotland,
Queen Dowager of France, and England's Heir,
A Glorious Shine of Titles, that wou'd like
The Lambent Beams, around the Heads of Angels,

Protect

Mary Queen of Scots.

Protect a Crown —— Weep not,
 But take me by the Hands, as you have seen
 Your now Expiring, then your Blooming, Queen,
 Brought by two Monarchs, to the *Dauphin's* Arms,
 Adorn'd with all Love's Pride, and all Love's Charms;
 So lead me to the place where I may gain,
 Immortal Pleasures, and Immortal Reign.

[Exit, Led by two Gentlemen.

Manent, Morton and Dowglas.

Mor. Why dost thou Weep, and Grovel on the Floor?

Dow. Traytor, because I will not herd with Men.

[Faints and Lyes down.

'Tis Nobler thus to Crawl like Snakes and Toads,
 Then Live, and have a Face Erect like thee.

Mor. Alas ! thou Faint'it !

Dow. Hold off thy cursed Hands : I am resolv'd,
 My Royal Mistrels shall not Fall alone,
 But Hand in Hand, the Joyful Course we'll run.
 Attend ye bright Inhabitants on high,
 Whil'st I Proclaim the Imperial Saint is nigh,
 Now, now, she starts, and now begins the Race,
 And now with Blushings Veils her Charming Face ;
 The Lovely Pillar that sustains her Head,
 Her Snowy Neck, now on the Block is laid ;
 Tears in vast Torrents, flow from every Eye,
 And Groans, like Thunder, rend the Vaulted Sky ;
 The Ax is up, and points the way to Heaven ——
 Now, now, it falls, and now the Stroke is given.

[Dies.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Attendants.

Q. E. Speak Morton, Traytor to thy Sovereign,
 Yet give me Comfort, and I'll Pardon all,
 Where is the Queen ? say, do's my Sister Live ?
 Where is she ?

Mor. Dead e'er this upon the Scaffold.

Q. E. Now, who will swiftest run to saye both Queens ?

Ely.

Mary Queen of Scots.

Fly faster than the rushing Thought, and he
That from the listed Ax, the Dove can save,
Shall be a King.

Vanish, a Kingdom's thy Reward.

Sieze on that Fiend; Truth has at last been kind,
And brought to light, 'twas he that Murder'd *Darnly*.
Bind him in Chains, and in an Iron Cage,
Let him be sent to *Scotland* to be Tortur'd—

[Exit. Morton Drag'd away.]

Ha! what unthought of dismal Object's this?
A second Prospect sure of Grief to none;
The Pretty Innocent, and faithful *Douglas*,
Dead with no other Wound, than Sorrow's Dart,
Or some unhappy Poyson.

Enter Cecil and Davison.

Cec. Madam, I wish the Ransom of our Lives,
Cou'd save the Queen's, or Mediate our Offence,
If you shall think it so; for she is Dead.

Q. E. How cou'dst thou be so curst a Villain!
What boots the Thunder, or the Bolts of Kings,
Which Traytors fear no more than Summers Hail,
Else why art thou Alive? and why dy'd *Mary* so?

Cec. Alas!

Q. E. Remove that Vulture from my sight, and since
Death cannot reach him, the Star-Chamber shall,
Strip him of all his Borrow'd Plumes, and leave him
As Naked as he came into the World.

Dav. Long may you Live, till Heaven at last makes known,
The good that I've so Ill rewarded done.

[Exit.]

Q. E. O take away those sad Remains for ever!
Thy Dust shall have a Royal Monument,
High as thy Friendship, shall the Marble rise,
And with thy Soul, thy Tomb shall reach the Skyes.

[Take off *Douglas*.]

Cec. O calm that Bosom, let no Grief
Molest your quiet Spirit in its God-like Mansion.

Q. E. O *Cecil*! shall I never be at rest!
We are but Gawdy Executioners at best;

First

Mary Queen of Scots.

Fair to our Crowns, we bear the galling Weight
Of Censuring Fools, and Flattering Knaves of State.
If we forgive, our Pity is Arraign'd,
If Punish! we with Cruelty are stain'd.
In some wild Desart, happier 'tis to Reign
O'er Wolves and Tygers, than more Cruel Men.
Hence with vain Glories, I'll no more contend,
Trust not in Greatneſſ, nor on Crowns depend,
When Virtue is alone, our sureſt Friend.

[Exeunt.

Enter Cardinal Douglas.

F I N I S.

[Exit.]

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[Exit.]